ESSAYS
on
MEN AND MANNERS.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Hermit.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Admired as Mr. Shenstone is as a poet, his character, as a man of clear judgment, and deep penetration, will best appear from his prose works. It is there we must search for the acuteness of his understanding, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. It is to be lamented, indeed, that some things here are unfinished, and can be regarded only as fragments: many are left as single thoughts, but which, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong; or, like the foot of a Hercules, discover the uncommon strength, and extraordinary dimensions of the hero. I have no apprehension of incurring blame from any one, for preserving these valuable remains: they will discover to every reader, the author's sentiments on several important subjects. And there can be very few, to whom they will not impart many thoughts, which they would never perhaps have been able to draw from the source of their own reflections.

From Robert Dodsley's Preface to Shenstone's Works.

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ON PUBLICATIONS.

It is not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption, on the writer's side, that he is able to instruct or to entertain the world; which implies a supposition that he can communicate, what they cannot draw from their own reflections. To remove any prejudice this might occasion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely solicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addressing him by the most tender and endearing appellations. He is in general stiled the most loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment; and that his favour may be secured at the expense of his better judgment. Mean and and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a composition; the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication; the pressing and indiscreet instances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irresistible commands of persons in high life; have been excuses often substituted in place of the real motives,

vanity and hunger. The most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amusement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures while even he renders other's the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it (I mean only, amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even tho' it fail of the effect intended. When a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger scope for accusation, if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the worst of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts on a man of genius the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe, with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority; and to disallow his pretensions on the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the capacity of the other more discernable.—Examination, how-

ever, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, tho' a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it (for there is no previous test on this occasion) he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology.—When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reason to asperse his honesty if he find himself deceived.—Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people.—When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character be like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably lose in point of modesty: otherwise, we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it. After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I happen to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academic. Says the citizen, I am told continually of taste, refinement, and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landscape, a building,

or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them. That mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur. But they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator. Says the courtier, I cannot answer for every individual instance: but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves. It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. 'Such a soup or olio,' say they, 'is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it.' But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading. Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper coun-

terparts. Their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man. How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history: and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them. I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions—what I have said may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are seldom right. The academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging: that a clown of native taste enough to relish Handel's Messiah, might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: that an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely: let him address himself to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A certain gentleman was expressing himself as follows: I confess, I have no great taste for poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to believe I should read no other poetry than that of Mr. Pope. The rest but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, to be sure, poetry of that stamp can afford but slender pleasure. I know not, says another, what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: but I am persuaded, numbers pretend the same through mere jealousy or envy. A reader considers an author, as one who lays claim to a superior genius. He is ever inclined to dispute it, because, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at least one superior the less. Now tho' a man's absolute merit may not depend on the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to pursue the single point of admitting no more into the class of superiors, than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would soon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refused his honours, but that the very constraint, and even absurdity, of people's shutting their eyes grew as disagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but discover. But self-love obtains its wishes in another respect also. It hereby not only depresses the characters of many who have written, but stifles the genius of such as might hereafter rise from amongst our inferiors. Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praises which a person enamoured of

poetry would bestow on one that excelled in it: but let us consider Parnassus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, altho' some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful, on equal cultivation. On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the soil, and the extent of its fertility, must remain undiscovered, if the gentleman's desponding principle should meet with approbation. Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and perspecuity. In smoothness of verse, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be esteemed our truest models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and less simple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings. More witty, and less simple, than the modern Monsieur Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the style of Juvenal and Persius with that of Horace. Satire gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters. The circumstance of what is called alliteration and the nice adjustment of the pause, have conspired to charm the present age, but have at the same time given his verses a very cloying peculiarity. But, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landscape of Thomson, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakespeare, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the spirit, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single writer. The lovers of poetry, there-

fore, should allow some praise to those who shine in any branch of it, and only range them into classes according to that species in which they shine.

"Quare agite, O juvenes!"

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the disingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into a hermit; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

THE IMPROMPTU.

The critics, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epic writers: that if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his "Iliad," or rather his action may be reduced, to the space of two months. His "Odyssey," according to Bossu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's "Æneid" has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Tasso's poem includes a summer.—But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us endeavour to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, tho' limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort of restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a

writer of Impromptus. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take in his composition, but is rigidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this composition, its peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced. It appears indeed to me to have the nature of that kind of sallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise, while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame its unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the little flavour it has, considering the time of its vegetation. An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horse; not by the gracefulness of his motion, but the time he takes to finish his course. The best critic upon earth may err in determining his precise degree of merit, if he have neither a stop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing. To be a little more serious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of its real worth, and the shortness of the time that is employed in its production. By this rule even Virgil's poem may be in some sort deemed extemporaneous; as the time he took to perfect so extraordinary a composition, considered with its real worth, appears shorter that the time employed to write the distichs of Cosconius. On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flashes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no sort of claim to be called verses, besides their instantaneity. Having ever made it my ambition to see my writings distinguished for something poignant, unex-

pected, or, in some respects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have stung folks with my epigrams, amused them with acrostics, puzzled them with rebusses, and distracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to succeed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly disqualified by a whoreson slowness of apprehension. Still desirous, however, of the immortal honour to grow distinguished for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that pupose in a dream. His answer was as follows. 'That whatever piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or written within the time that the author supports himself upon one leg. That Horace had explained his meaning, by the phrase *stans pede in uno.* And forasmuch as one man may persevere in the posture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accomplishment, that they would habituate themselves to study in no other attitude whatsoever.'

Methought I received this answer with the utmost pleasure as well as veneration; hoping, that, however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in standing upon one leg.

THE HERMIT.

(In the manner of Cambray.)

'Twas in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant car-

pet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss; the violets, refreshed by the moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the shower was past; the sun had dispersed the vapours; and the sky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he, no less, at the vulgar cast of their's. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment on a newspaper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short, he was not void of some ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humour inoffensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratified his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applause, the youths who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity. There were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever

wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would, at least, be honoured by their descendants, altho' they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour. What a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast on their remotest progeny! and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility? Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return. Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild, uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But these, indeed, were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene, tho' distant as it was it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which, at the same time, warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying,

could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following. 'Father,' said he, 'it is with no small surprise, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks it was probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty, to your eye.' The hermit made him this answer. 'My son,' said he, 'the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun, which you must otherwise rely on. Enter, therefore, for a while into my cave, and I will then give you some account of my adventures, which will solve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to contemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate. 'Know, then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and, indeed, justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, on confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath, indeed, so affected me, that I

shall never henceforth enjoy a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all its parts. And, indeed, were I to form the least pretensions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend, that a well discriminated landscape was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure. 'I was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early on his travels pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, "wrung from him his slow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense; but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their policies or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once. 'We were now returning home from a six year's absence; anticipating the

caresses of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows. 'Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive. The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awaken their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell! All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and 't is with tears I say farewell.' My concern was truly so great, that on my arrival in my native country, it was not at all encreased by the consideration that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me however to a friend of his that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which

I effectually consumed on the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quickly succeeding each other, as superficial, and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished, indeed, I had retreated sooner; but to retire at last unrecompenced, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution. 'However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions on each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for servility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated, however, for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not, indeed, intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessaries, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But alas! to my great surprise, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any

better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are, indeed, something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease is, at least, the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one. Yet will I not permit you to depart from a hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my lifetime been solicitous to procure.'

A CHARACTER.

— He was a youth so amply furnished, with every excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune. He had, indeed, all the learning and erudition that can be derived from universities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the most intense assiduity, he possessed by nature; I mean,

that elegance of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty under its great variety of appearances. It passed not unobserved by him either in the cut of a sleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a statue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him sensations of beauty; that beauty which inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distinguish; or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the student; who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself, on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had, in some degree, diminished his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would, in some degree, have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency, indeed, constitutes, and is inseparable from, its value. He gave delight by a happy boldness in the extirpa-

tion of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourously ridicule: and he had such entire possession of the hearts as well as understandings of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprising paradoxes believed and well-accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious ore; and we no sooner believed our eyes that it was he who spake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to say. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talent of rendering the greatest virtues unenvied: whereas the latter shone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable: I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill. N. B. This was written, in an extempore manner, upon my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ON RESERVE.

A fragment.

Taking an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. 'There is not,' said he, 'any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as that is commonly called familiarity. You do not find one in fifty, whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist on such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense. Thus much, at least, is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than if you had

made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness, from a familiarity with such persons as despised every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our affability, at least to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction betwixt real dignity and pretended: to neglect those characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are, at the same time, very far from familiarity-proof: to have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing landscape: to enjoy the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem: to preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men: to shun all illiterate, tho' ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and on reflection painful: to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted; to partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement.—Are not these the paths that lead to happiness?'

In answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar that he saw. What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse on the subject; without order or connexion, as they occu

to my remembrance. Some reserve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-nature. There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. "This," as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, "affords the pleasure when we survey a cylinder;"* and Sir John Suckling says,

> "They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
> he 's only rich who cannot tell his store."

A person that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say. To be, however, a niggard of one's observations, is so much worse than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears so very manifest to many persons of the lofty character, that they use no better means to acquire respect than, like highwaymen, to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their

* "Treatise of the sublime and beautiful."

character. It is from the same principle of distance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the case in some countries.

"Men, while no human form or fault they see,
excuse the want of e'en humanity;
and eastern kings, who vulgar views disdain,
require no worth to fix their awful reign.
You cannot say, in truth, what may disgrace 'em.
To know in what predicament to place 'em.
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,
e'en virtue charms us less than vice conceal'd!

"For some small worth he had, the man was priz'd,
he added frankness—and he grew despis'd."

We want comets, not ordinary planets;
"Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum." *Terence.*

"Hunc cœlum, & stellas, & decedentia certis
tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
imbuti spectent."

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensative plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches. Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion. What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations. The reserved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character, i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more. It is indolence, and the pain of being on one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character. The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice to-

gether. The man of show is vain: the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination. —The one is more frequently respected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæsar. Vide Sallust. What Cæsar said of "Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo;" may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve. A reserved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech: and I believe sometimes proceeds so far as to leave company, because he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himself deep when he is near the surface.

Were it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles; to give up a part of character to secure the rest? The world will certainly insist on having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious; as we give up counters to a highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart. The reserved man should drink double glasses.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden. A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature: and even grudges himself the laugh into which he sometimes is betrayed.

> "Seldom he smiles—
> and smiles in such a sort as he disdain'd
> himself—that could be mov'd to smile at any thing."—

"A fool and his words are soon parted;" for so should the proverb run. Common understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to

their picture. Modesty often passes for arrant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in a horse proceeds from fear. The higher character a man supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions. The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company. Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with goodnature.*

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

There is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. It is frequently hinted, that he is by no means intitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and that it is, of consequence, mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondness for external splendor, he is a most affable and ingenious man; and for this reason I am inclined to vindicate him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

In the first place, it is by no means clear, that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride. Where it is joined with a supercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative testimony. But this is not always the case: the refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of

* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals. Whoever thinks that taste has nothing to do here, must confine the expression to improper limits; assuredly imagination may find its account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and considerations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendship for this gentleman, I am sometimes prompted to go further. I insist, it is not birth or fortune only that give a person claim to a splendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a share. I have sometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance than those which are commonly presumed to be so. That there is something more personal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the case and the thing inclosed. The propensity of rich and worthless people to appear with a splendor on all occasions, puts one in mind of the country shopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honoured with a crown. I have generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage. It is on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceed-

ingly plain. If dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family-livery, and Jack, the groom, may with equal justice, pride himself on the gaudy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more—for a gentleman, before he hires a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendor, tho' possessed of no merit at all. On my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes. It is then established on the same foundation as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we should find many aiming at the previous merit in hopes of the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted: and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold snuff-box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man a coxcomb for his dress, till, by frequent conversation we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a *bon mot*, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an accouunt of the best French authors; and he should be versed in all the oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond. It may be urged, that men of the greatest merit may not be able to shew it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered, that another part of the world would find their equipage so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very mod-

erate degree of splendor would distinguish them more than a greater does at present. What I propose, however, on the whole is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in so doing: as a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the discovery of his quality.

A CHARACTER.

"Animæ nil magnæ laudis egentes."

There is an order of persons in the world, whose thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform as tho' they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this stamp, who, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity: their passions, like dull steeds, being the least apt to endanger or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment. I was taking a view of Westminster-abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding as that I have described. There had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy on the

present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed, with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave ancient place. I told him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize on the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me. Silence ensued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect on the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself; assuring me 'there was no sort of excellence could exempt a man from death.'

I applauded the justice of his observation; and said, it was not only my present opinion, but had been so for a number of years. 'Right,' said he, 'and for my own part I seldom love to publish my remarks on a subject, till I have had them confirmed to me by a long course of experience.' This last maxim, somewhat beyond his usual depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to recover immediately its wonted vigour. We had taken some few turns up and down the left hand aisle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat larger than the rest, and more calculated to make impression on an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raised to an ancestor of the D. of Newcastle. 'Well,' said he, with an air of cunning, 'this is, indeed, a fine piece of workmanship; but I cannot conceive this finery is of any signification to the person buried there.' I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed on by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just perused enough to inform him that he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as tho' some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come. He had not proceeded many steps from it before he beckoned to our Ciceroni. 'Friend,' said he, pointing with his cane, 'how long has that gentleman been dead?' The man set him right in that particular; after which, putting on a woeful countenance, 'Well,' said he, 'to behold how fast time flies away! 'T is but a small time to look back on, since he and I met at the Devil.* Alas,' continued he, 'we shall never do so again:' indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave. This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights, indeed, were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bostock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed, his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as his precluding the

* A well-known tavern near Temple-bar.

use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

It is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion. The same credulity, which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an

inclination to deceive others, tho' it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even tho' it were their inclination?

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition. I go on a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses or our imagination. Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination. Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses. I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence. How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes themselves could have pourtrayed them! and how many persons must there

needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!
Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.
The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it. The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost.—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living. But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have, at once, a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity. Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government: is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases. Such appears to me, at least, to be the true existence of apparitions. The reasons against any external ap-

arition, among others that may be brought, are hese that follow. They are, I think, never een by day; and darkness being the season of ter- or and uncertainty, and the imagination less re- rained, they are never visible to more than one per- on: which had more probably been the case, were ot the vision internal. They have not been eported to have appeared these twenty years. What ause can be assigned, were their existence real, for o great a change as their discontinuance?

he cause of superstition has lost ground for this st century: the notion of ghosts has been, altogether xploded: a reason why the imagination should be ss prone to conceive them; but not a reason why ey themselves should cease. Most of those, ho relate that these spectres have appeared to em, have been persons either deeply supersitious other respects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or rong passions, which are the consequence; or else ave allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

me few instances may be supposed, where the ca- rice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, ay have presented fantasms to those that waked. believe there are few but can recollect some, where- it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a hite horse for a winding-sheet. To con- ude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to ve terror equal to the reality, our best means of oiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our pas- ons.—To avoid intemperance as we would a char- l-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool ason and common sense, secure to ourselves the perty of a well-regulated imagination.

ON CARDS.

A fragment.

——We had passed our evening with some certain persons famous for their taste, their learning and refinement: but, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves on a level, by introducing a game at cards. 'It is a sign,' said he, 'the world is far gone in absurdity, or surely the fashion of cards would be accounted no small one. Is it not surprising that men of sense should submit to join in this idle custom, which appears originally invented to supply its deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions! and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others to whose figure it was prejudicial. How can men, who value themselves on their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?' I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that acquires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation. He answered, 'this might be applicable, provided I could shew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it, the profit and the pleasure. Cards, if one may guess from their first appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, deserved their share of commendation. By degrees men, who came nearest to

children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as a suitable entertainment. Others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains encreased the party; who, regardless of that entertainment, which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing upon the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult, indeed, were it to determine, whether it appear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character.' 'Perhaps,' replied I, 'your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witticism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards.' He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves. 'In short,' said he, 'as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment, when a gentleman offers me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy.' I asked how much he had lost.—His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of a conversation, for which he would have given twenty.

ON HYPOCRISY.

Were hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters on the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character. Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other. Perhaps, there is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a sensorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in the pursuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is less induced to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He exposes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not considering, that vice is the proper object of compassion; or that propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose.

Clelia was born in England of Romish parents, about the time of the revolution. She seemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as nat-

urally averse to it Numerous were the garcons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty sued to her; nor had she any reason to quarrel with love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared, indeed, not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were, indeed, such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances. Her fasts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sack-cloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes than sweet powder. Her heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted of manuals for fasting-days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do, who were favoured with her smiles or her conversation. To this lady was Clelia admitted; and, after the year of probation, assumed

the veil. Among many others who had solicited her notice, before she became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could insinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at solicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair one's sanctity and zeal, as some other of her admirers: but he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easy eluded,

> "At regina dolos——
> quid non sentit amor?"

He had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic, than was, perhaps, necessary for so much apparent purity, or, as he thought, consistent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect on Leander. His supicions were by no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied a confessional chair. It happened that Leander was brought to the abbess in the capacity of a physician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate. She, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a

dden rage, inveighing bitterly against his pre-
mption, and calling loudly on the name of the
essed virgin and the holy friar. The convent was,
short alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being
cified till the good man was called, in order to
lay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised
this unexpected interview. Leander grew
ily more convinced, that it was not only verbal
mmunications which passed between Clelia and
e friar. This, however, he did not think himself
lly warranted to disclose, till an accident of a sin-
lar nature, gave him an opportunity of receiving
ore ample testimony. The confessor had a
vourite spaniel, which he had lost for some time,
d was informed, at length, that he was killed, at a
llage in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad.
he friar was at first not much concerned; but in a
ttle time recollected that the dog had snapped his
ngers the very day before his elopement. A phy-
ician's advice was thought expedient on the occa-
on, and Leander was the next physician. He told
im, with great frankness, that no prescription he
ould write, had the sanction of so much experience
s immersion in sea-water. The friar, therefore,
e next day, set forward on his journey, while Le-
nder, not without a mischievous kind of satisfac-
on, conveyed the following lines to Clelia.

My charming Clelia,

Tho' I yet love you to distraction, I cannot but
spect that you have granted favours to your con-
ssor, which you might, with greater innocence,
ave granted to Leander. All I have to add is this,
hat amourous intercourses of this nature, which you
ave enjoyed with Friar Laurence, put you under

the like necessity with him of seeking a remedy in the ocean. Adieu! LEANDER.'

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confusion. To rail was insignificant, and to blame her physician was absurd, when she found herself under a necessity of pursuing his advice. The whole society was made acquainted with the journey she was undertaking, and the causes of it. It were uncharitable to suppose the whole community under the same constraint with the unhappy Clelia. However the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, some for exercise, some for amusement, and the abbess herself as guardian of her train, and concerned in her society's misfortunes. What use Leander made of this discovery is not known. Perhaps, when he had been successful in banishing the hypocrite, he did not shew himself very solicitous in his endeavours to reform the sinner. N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the salt water.

ON VANITY.

History preserves the memory of empires and of states, with which it necessarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and statesmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewise other subordinate testimonies which serve to perpetuate, at least prolong, the memories of men, whose characters and stations give them no claim to a place in story. For instance, when a person fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own rela-

tions or himself, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilst he is living, or with an inscription upon his monument after his decease. Inscriptions have been so fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beside elegance of style. To inveigh against the writers, for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character. — But even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter, like epitaphs. Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who through an idle vanity suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to belie his dress, he seems to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected. I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, tho' he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights' harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to

his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns himself with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity. The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these. But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of spleen. I this morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expense, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

AN ADVENTURE.

—"Gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ"—

It is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person on a journey, to know the compellations with which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be, indeed, imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his counte-

ance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you rom any mistake of greater importance. I as led into these observations by some solicitudes lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in hese peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed n books than I can pretend to be in the orders of nen, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which was to perform by means of enquiries. I had pass- d a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, y help of the manifold instructions that had been iven me on my setting out. At length, being some- hing dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his night-cap and several domestic parts f dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His tation of life appeared to me, to be what we call a entleman-farmer; a sort of subaltern character, in espect of which the world seems not invariably de- ermined. It is, in short, what King Charles the econd esteemed the happiest of all stations; supe- ior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of onstable; and as much inferior to the intricate prac- ice and invidious decisions of a justice of peace. 'Honest man,' said I, 'be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington?' He replied, with a sort of surliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust, as ho' I had called him rogue or rascal. I did ot readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, ut proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young ellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; eside him, walked a girl, in a dress agreeable to that f her companion. As I presumed him by no means verse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mis-

tress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable; and, enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face (which I was well assured could be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence. The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of "Sir," desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey. I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. 'Friend,' said I, 'will you tell me what o'clock it is?' He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper, as with the confidence I placed in his.—The refusal of an answer, in this case, was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of "Dame;" and withal wished her a good night. But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age. But it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both. I had

y this time found the inconvenience of an utter ig-
orance in rural distinctions. The future part of
y journey afforded me yet farther means of convic-
ion. I was exposed to the danger of three quick-
ands, by calling a girl "sweetheart," instead of
madam;" and was within a foot of rushing down
precipice, by calling another "forsooth," who
ight easily have told me how to avoid it.
n short, I found myself well or ill used, as I hap-
ened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas
f their own rank. Towards the last part of my
tage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by
nd-floods, that the proper way through it was un-
istinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was pass-
ng a bridge on my left hand. It was here of much
nportance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I
as, therefore, meditating within myself which might
e the most endearing of all appellations; and, at
st, besought him to give me some instructions, un-
er the name of "Honest Friend." He was not
eemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he
ould be, and trudged onward without reply. After
is, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for
o it proved) before I found myself and horse plung-
d headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend
a laughter at our downfall. I made a shift, how-
ver, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a
w more difficulties, arrived at the end of my jour-
ey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due
pplication of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps,
ommunicate them to you, on some future occasion.
n the mean time, you may, if you please, consider
he vast importance of superior titles, when there is
o one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind that

it can influence. When you reflect on this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend ——, who, you tell me, is now trafficing for this species of dignity. Learn to be wise then, from others' harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not choose to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember

"Male si palpere, recalcitrat."

ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

When a man of genius does not print, he discovers himself by nothing more than by his abilities in dispute. However, let him shew solidity in his opinions, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity in his expressions; yet if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other respects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to select judges, they will form their opinions by another scale: with these, a single epistle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit, than an hundred defects in his conversation will demonstrate the reverse. It is true, there is nothing displays a genius, I mean the quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular. Bashfulness

ore frequently connected with good sense, than we d assurance: and impudence, on the other hand, often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On is account the man of genius has as much the adntage of his antagonist, as a race-horse, carrying a all weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: odesty, like the weight to which I allude, not sufring its owner to exert his real strength; which efontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment. may be urged, and justly enough, that it is comon to be partial to the modest man; and that diffince makes good amends for any restraint it lays under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in r favour. But indeed this can only happen, where meets with the most ingenuous judges. Otherwise laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant de is generally best accommodated. In orr to put these antagonists on a somewhat more ual footing, I have invented the following instruent; for the sole structure and sale of which, I am t without hopes of procuring a patent. What I ean is an artificial laugher. There are few so litconversant in toys, but must have seen instruments echanically framed to counterfeit the voices of difrent birds. The quail-pipe is brought to such perction as even to delude the very species. The cucow has been mimicked with no less accuracy. ould it not then be an easy matter to represent the ugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself someing artificial; and is not more affected than it is rticular? For the convenience of the person that ars it, its dimensions should be so contrived, as at it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not em feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be

brought to answer every purpose of that noise whic
it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletiv
let the owner seek it in his fob; as his antagoni
would find his account in a loud oath or an empt
pun. If there be need of a good sounding caden
at the close of a common period, it may not be ami
to harmonize a sentence by what may be called a fi
ishing stroke. This instrument is so contrived as t
produce all the variety of a human laugh; and th
variation is to be regulated, not by the nature
your subject, nor the wit or humour of a raparte
but by the disposition of the company, and the pro
er minute for such an interlude. But to become
master of the said machine, let the candidate for a
plause frequent the company of vociferous dispu
ants: among whom he may soon learn how to pe
form a conversation. One or two of these i
struments I have already finished, tho' not, indee
to the perfection at which I expect they may soo
arrive. A gentleman visited me the other day, wh
has the justest claim that can be, to the use of them
having nothing in his character that can obscure th
greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I com
municated my invention, desiring him to make tri
of it, on the first occasion. He did so; and when
saw him next, gave me leave to publish the followin
account of its efficacy in my next advertisement
'The first time I employed it,' said my friend, 'wa
in a sort of controversy with a beau; who had contri
ed means, by the use of his snuff-box, to supply bot
want of language and of thought. In this manner h
prolonged his argument; and really to the company
which consisted of ladies, discovered more sagacit
without thinking, than I could do by its assistanc

bethought myself immediately of your instrument, d had recourse to it. I observed in what part of discourse he most employed his fingers, and had ddenly recourse to mine, with equal emphasis and nificancy. The art was not discovered, ere I had uted my antagonist; having seated myself in a rk corner, where my operations were not discern-le. I observed, that as he found himself more osely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in s application to his snuff-box, much as an otter osely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that ow his distress. I therefore discovered gradually s and less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, ne at all. I played only a flourish in answer to the gument at his fingers' ends; and after a while found m as mortal in this part as in any other. When s cause was just expiring, after a very long pursuit, d many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course it, I sounded my instrument, with as much alacrity a huntsman does his horn on the death of a hare.

he next whom I engaged was a more formidable sputant; and I own, with a sense of gratitude, that our instrument alone could render me a match for im. His strength of argument was his strength of ngs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antag-nist. However, if your machine put me on a par ith him, I think I may say, without vanity, that in oint of reason I had the upper hand. I shall only dd, that as it was habitual for him to answer argu-nts by vociferation, so it became needless for me give him any answer of a better kind.

Thus far my friend: I do not question but there ill appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct e diffident, the submissive, and the bashful, how

to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risib music: and as there is a kind of humourous laug ter, which draws all others into its own vortex, need not here assert, that I would have this branc very much inculcated. 'Neither is this instr ment of importance in dispute alone, or controversy but wherever one man's faculties are more pro to laughter than another's. Trifles will burst o man's sides, which will not disturb the features (another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost irksome as a lamentation. It is like a peal rung a ter a wedding; where a whole parish shall be stu ned with noise, because they want that occasion t rejoice, which the persons, at least, imagine to b their lot, that occasioned it. The sounds are plea ing to their ears, who find them conformable to the own ideas; but those who are not in temper, or u concerned, find them a stupifying repetition. When, therefore, my mind is not in tune with anot er's, what strikes his, will not vibrate on mine. A I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; whic is an operation as artificial, as the machine I hav been describing.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****.

The actions of our lives, even those we call mo important, seem as much subject to trifles, as ou very lives themselves. We frame many notable pr jects in imagination, and promise to ourselves a equal term of life. It is, however, in the power the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and di concert the other. It is with mankind as with ce

in fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped, in midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of a aw in a particular part of them. The following translation from the original Spanish, will fficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don dro **** was one of the principal grandees of his e and country. He had a genius equal to his rth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. was his custom, on this account, to retire from the rld at stated periods, and to indulge himself in the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened as one day sate in his study, that he fixed his eye on neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if y natural object can be termed so) served him frently for the foundation of some moral and subne reflection. He surveyed the creature attentive, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was st in the excursions of a profound reverie. The rious workmanship of this unregarded animal ought at once into his mind the whole art of fortiation. He observed the deficiency of human skill, d that no cunning could have contrived her so oper a habitation. He found that no violence uld affect the extremities of her lines, but what as immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her the centre. He observed the road by which she llied forth, served to convey intelligence from with-, at the same time that it added strength and ability to the work within. He was at once surised and pleased with an object which, altho' com-on, he happened not to have beheld in the same ght, or with the same attention. From this instant bent his thoughts on the advancement of military rtification; and he often would declare it was this

trivial incident that gave him a relish for that study which he afterwards pursued with such application and success. He spent, in short, so much time on the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice to complete the fame of his abilities. That, in short, was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination; and to make those mural sallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but to excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his friends, his qualifications for the post he sought; and on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king. This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity: little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominant when it is least perceived. When it once prevails, in any great degree, we find our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste encreased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep

and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable schemes. He had, in brief, conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended, within a few days, to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. It were impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success.—But fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and to overturn an ant's nest. He cast his eyes on the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spyed the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of

sentiment, to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect on the consequence. It might be an age to them ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations. Yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprize, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition, and vain-glory of an ant would, to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to those of human nature! Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one that had acquired a few sands more to his portion—as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour—should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it, uncontrouled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, borne aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of a husk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly on the procession. Suppose lastly, that among this people, the prime minister should persuade the rest to levy war on a neighbouring colony; and this in order to be stiled the sovereign of two hillocks, instead of one; while, perhaps, their present condition leaves them nothing to wish besides superfluities. At the same time it is in the power of

the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and people altogether: this is doubtless very ridiculous; yet this is doubtless my own case, in respect to many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the Supreme one. Farewell then, ye air-built citadels! farewell, visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own. See here a just conclusion! in short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed his design.

ON ENVY.

To a Friend. R. G.

Whence is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, altho' hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wish you ambition enough to make your honours satisfactory. It seems a hard case that envy should be the consequence of merit, at the same time that scorn so naturally attends the want of it. It is, however, in some measure perhaps an unavoidable (and perhaps in some sense an useful) passion in all the most heroic natures; where, refined through certain strainers, it takes the name of emulation. It is a pain

arising in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior advantages of another: and its tendency is truly good, under some certain regulations.

All honour, very evidently depends on comparison; and consequently the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; tho' considered absolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the use of emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of its perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of its own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and, in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye on this tribe of men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favour: and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worship those, that have been devoured by apes. It is another perversion of this passion, tho' of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jock-

ry-ship, or cunning at a bet. These, and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purposes of emulation. I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others' excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage, and we immediately reflect on its deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental one's might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate this detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

A DREAM.

Ingenious was the device of those celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to divine inspiration. Peace be to their manes; may the turf lie lightly upon their breast; and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, questionless, that a proceeding of this nature must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well

as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprising lies. There was, indeed, necessary a degree of credit, previous to this delight: and there was as necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was that the pleasure rose, in proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale were founded on a witch or an egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a sword, a bloated sibyl, or a three-foot stool. Of all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest, are such, as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them, who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has, in those various figures, which some crafty artist represents thereon. The first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. Hapless species, I cried, how, very grossly art thou mistaking! how very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue, by restraint! how very resolute, when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! thou givest a loose to thine inclinations, till they lose their very being; and, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are extinguished by indulgence. What folly to dream of virtue, when there is no longer room for self-denial; or, when the enemy expires by sickness, to demand the honour of a triumph!—Musing on this subject, I fell into a profound slum-

er; and the vision with which it furnished me shall upply materials for this essay. I was, me-ought, transported into a winding valley, on each de of whose ærea, so far as my eye could see, were eld up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing bjects either of art or nature. Hills rose one be-ind another, crowned with trees, or adorned with difices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and oaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded pires enlivened even the sunshine; and lonesome uins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the hade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to ive an idea of the vast variety. It seemed, as tho' eople of whatever inclinations might here meet with heir favourite object. While I stood amazed, nd even confounded, at so astonishing a landscape; n old man approached towards me, and offered his ssistance in alleviating my surprise. 'You observe,' aid he, 'in the middle path, a train of sprightly fe-nale pilgrims,* conducted by a matron† of a graver ast. She is habited, as you may observe, in a robe ar more plain and simple than that of any amidst er followers. It is her province to restrain her pupils, hat the objects glittering on each side may not seduce hem to make excursions, from which they scarcely ver find their right way again. You may not, erhaps, suspect the gulphs and precipices that lie ntermixed amidst a scenery so delightful to the eye. ou see, indeed, at a considerable distance, the gilt ome of a temple, raised upon columns of the whit-st marble. I must inform you, that within this tem-le resides a lady,‡ weaving wreaths of immortal

* The Passions. † Reason. ‡ Virtue.

amaranth for that worthy matron, if she exert her authority; and, as their obedience is more or less entire, she has also garlands of inferior lustre to recompence the ladies in her train. 'Your own sagacity,' added he, 'will supply the place of farther instructions;' and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary its degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life; which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side: and in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamourously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp * amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well-meaning gov-

* Love.

rness. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage; and some in another. And the scene before them being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds; inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands; and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remissin her discipline; softened the language of dissent; and, with a gentle reprimand suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had; considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority. They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer. Another now took the lead; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and con-

fusion. They led their guide along, blindfold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few,* who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds. The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time bore the chief rule, and held the rest in a state of servitude.† She seemed to be, indeed, formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist on some temporary gratification. As they shaped their way to a great city, one‡ would loll and loiter upon a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with one‖ into the covert. A third§ would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One** intoxicated herself with cordials; another†† went in quest of lace and equipage. The lady,‡‡ however, at this time the most enterprizing, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discov-

* The Virtuoso-passion. † Ambition. ‡ Indolence. ‖ Gallantry.
§ Avarice. ** Ebriety. †† Pride and Vanity. ‡‡ Ambition.

red a stange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, mbroidered stars, and golden collars. However ifficult it seemed to reach them, or how little neces- ary soever they seemed to happiness, these alone ngaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes spired. Nay she went so far, as, in failure of these, o resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

he at length succeeded, at least so far as to find ow little they enhanced her happiness; and her ormer compeers, having ruined their constitutions, ere once again desirous to have their queen reign ver them. In short, their loyalty regained the as- endant; insomuch, that with one consent they re- oved the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to bey her future directions. She promised to ecure them all the happiness that was consistent ith their present state; and advised them to all fol- ow her towards the path they had forsaken.

ur travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the ridge that introduced them to their closing stage. he subjects very orderly, repentant, and demissive; e governess, more rigid and imperious than ever. he former, withered, decrepid, languishing; the tter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than efore. Time appeared to produce in her a very pposite effect, to that it wrought in her compan- ns. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy duc- le creature, insulted and borne away by the whims her companions. She appeared more judicious the commands she gave, and more rigorous in e execution. In short, both her own activity, and e supine lethargy of those whom she conducted, ited to make way for her unlimited authority. ow, indeed, a more limited rule might have secur-

ed obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little struck with the glare of objects on each side the way. One alone I must except, whom I beheld look wishfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore washed down by the torrents. The governess represented, in the strongest terms, that these materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the case, they could be there of no importance. However, she had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded. The temple stood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Doric order, the bases gilt, as also the capitals) a blaze of glory issued, of such superior lustre, that none beside the governess was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance drew near unto the goddess; who gently waved her hand in the way of salutation.

The matron seemed less dazzled, than delighted with her excessive beauty. She accosted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to mention their pretension to her favour. 'She must own she had been too remiss in the beginning of her government; she hoped it would be attributed to inexperience in the subtle wiles of her fellow-travellers. She flattered herself, that her severity towards the conclusion of her journey might, in some sort, make atonement for her misbehaviour in the beginning. Lastly that she sometimes found it impossible to hear the dictates of the goddess amid the clamours of her pupils, and the din of their persuasions.' To this the goddess made reply. 'You have

eard,' said she, 'no doubt that the favours I bestow, re by no means consistent with a state of inactivity. The only time when you were allowed an opportuni- y to deserve them, was the time when your pupils were the most refractory and perverse. The hon- urs you expect in my court are proportioned to the ifficulty of a good undertaking. May you, here- fter, partake them, in reward of your more vigor- us conduct: for the present, you are little entitled o any recompence from me. As to your pupils, I bserve, they have passed sentence on themselves.' t this instant of time the bell rang for supper, and waked me: I found the gardener by my side, pre- ared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had lumbered away the hours, in which I should have iven him suitable directions.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

Gardening may be divided into three species—kitchen-gardening — parterre-gardening — and land- cape, or picturesque-gardening: which latter is the ubject intended in the following pages.—It consists n pleasing the imagination by scenes of grandeur, eauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no hare here, any farther than as it pleases the imagina- ion. Perhaps the division of the pleasures f imagination, according as they are struck by the reat, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate nough for my present purpose: why each of them affects us with pleasure may be traced in other au- hors. See Burke, Hutchinson, Gerard, the "Theory

of agreeable Sensations," &c.* There seem, however, to be some objects, which afford a pleasure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for instance, may be neither new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleasing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence. For this reason, an able gardener should avail himself of objects, perhaps, not very striking; if they serve to connect ideas, that convey reflections of the pleasing kind. Objects should, indeed, be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting. It is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, tho' ever so beautiful, may satiate and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty. Variety appears to me to derive good part of its effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or colour to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in its present object, which affords immediate satisfaction. Variety, however, in some in-

* Garden-scenes may, perhaps, be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or pensive; to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in some sort composed of both. See Burke's "Sublime."

tances, may be carried to such an excess as to lose s whole effect. I have observed ceilings so cramned with stucco-ornaments; that, altho' of the most ifferent kinds, they have produced an uniformity. sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necesary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

Ground should first be considered with an eye to its eculiar character: whether it be the grand, the savge, the sprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the eautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, ne may somewhat strengthen its effect, by allowing evry part some denomination, and then supporting its itle by suitable appendages—for instance, the lovr's walk may have assignation seats, with proper nottoes—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, c. by means of art. What an advantage nust some Italian seats derive from the circumstance f being situate upon ground mentioned in the clasics? And, even in England, wherever a park or arden happens to have been the scene of any event n history, one would surely avail one's self of that ircumstance, to make it more interesting to the imgination. Mottoes should allude to it, columns, c. record it; verses moralize on it; and curiosity reeive its share of pleasure. In designing a house nd gardens, it is happy when there is an opportuniy of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house o luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was oom for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. t is rather to be wished than required, that the nore striking scenes may succeed those which are ess so. Taste depends much on temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Ho-

mer——Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains. This occasions the different preferences that are given to situations.—A garden strikes us most, where the grand and the pleasing succeed, not intermingle with, each other. I believe, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful. I use the words landscape and prospect, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospects should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they are not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value. Landscape should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I think the landscape painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach on probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and tho' could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye should always look rather down upon water; customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T——'s flat ground betwixt his terrace and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for straight lined avenues to their houses; straight-lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of straight-line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance, is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object,

ee after tree, for a length of way together. A third , that this identity is purchased by the loss of that ariety, which the natural country supplies every here, in a greater or less degree. To stand still and rvey such avenues, may afford some slender satfaction, through the change derived from perpective; but to move on continually and find no hange of scene in the least attendant on our change f place, must give actual pain to a person of taste. or such a one to be condemned to pass along the mous vista * from Moscow to Petersburg, or that her from Agra to Lahor in India, must be as disareeable a sentence, as to be condemned to labour the gallies. I conceived some idea of the sensaon he must feel, from walking but a few minutes, imured, betwixt Lord D——'s high-shorn yew-hedges; hich run exactly parallel, at the distance of about n feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all nd of objects whatsoever. When a buildg, or other object, has been once viewed from its roper point, the foot should never travel to it by e same path, which the eye has travelled over bere. Lose the object, and draw nigh obliquely. he side-trees in vistas should be so circumstanced as afford a probability that they grew by nature. uinated structures appear to derive their power of easing, from the irregularity of surface, which is ariety; and the latitude they afford the imagination, conceive an enlargement of their dimensions, or recollect any events or circumstances appertaing to their pristine grandeur, so far as concerns andeur and solemnity. The breaks in them should as bold and abrupt as possible.—If mere beauty

* In Montesquieu, on "Taste."

be aimed at (which however is not their chief excel-
lence) the waving line, with more easy transitions
will become of greater importance.—Events relating
to them may be simulated by numberless little arti-
fices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high
hills and sudden descents are most suitable to castles
and fertile vales, near wood and water, most imita-
tive of the usual situation for abbeys and religious
houses; large oaks, in particular, are essential to
these latter;

> "Whose branching arms and reverend height,
> admit a dim religious light."

A cottage is a pleasing object, partly on account of
the variety it may introduce; on account of the tran-
quillity that seems to reign there; and perhaps (I
am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of hu-
man nature:

> "Longi alterius spectare laborem."

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never
lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any un-
easiness in the examination. Sometimes, however,
it may be better to admit valuable objects even with
this disadvantage. They should else never be seen
beyond a certain angle. The eye must be easy, be-
fore it can be pleased. No mere slope from
one side to the other can be agreeable ground: the
eye requires a balance—i. e. a degree of uniformity;
but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule
should be understood with some limitation.

> "—Each alley has its brother,
> and half the platform just reflects the other."

Let us examine what may be said in favour of that
regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not
seemingly as well object to the disposition of a hu-

an face, because it has an eye or cheek, that is the
y picture of its companion? Or does not Provi-
nce, who has observed this regularity in the ex-
nal structure of our bodies and disregarded it
thin, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms,
e limbs, and the several parts of them correspond,
t it is not the same case with the thorax and the
domen. I believe one is generally solicitous for a
nd of balance in a landscape; and, if I be not mis-
king, the painters generally furnish one; a build-
g, for instance, on one side, contrasted by a group
trees, a large oak, or a rising hill on the other.
hence then does this taste proceed, but from the
ve we bear to regularity in perfection? After all,
regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the dis-
sition of trees, and the figure of water, must be
cred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that
ake a discovery of art. All trees have a
aracter analogous to that of men: oaks are, in all
spects, the perfect image of the manly character:
former times I should have said, and in present
mes I think I am authorized to say, the British one.
s a brave man is not suddenly either elated by
rosperity or depressed by adversity, so the oak dis-
lays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor
rops it on his first departure. Add to this its majes-
c appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and
e wide protection of its branches. A large,
anching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable
f all inanimate objects. Urns are more
olemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less
d ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point,
nd the situation of them should still co-operate with
By the way, I wonder that lead statues

are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Th
they may not express the finer lines of an huma
body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated,
account of their duration, to embellish landsca
were they some degrees inferior to what we general
behold. A statue in a room challenges examinatio
and is to be examined critically as a statue. A stat
in a garden is to be considered as one part of a sce
or landscape; the minuter touches are no more e
sential to it, than a good landscape painter wou
esteem them were he to represent a statute in
picture. Apparent art, in its proper provinc
is almost as important as apparent nature. Th
contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever shou
be kept distinct. Some artificial beauties a
so dexterously managed, that one cannot but concei
them natural; some natural ones so extremely fo
tunate, that one is ready to swear they are artifici

Concerning scenes, the more uncommon they a
pear, the better, provided they form a picture, a
include nothing that pretends to be of nature's pr
duction, and is not. The shape of ground, the si
of trees, and the fall of water, are nature's pr
vince. Whatever thwarts her is treason.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of a
need have no other reference to nature than th
they afford the ευσημον with which the human mi
is delighted. Art should never be allowe
to set a foot in the province of nature, otherwise th
clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allo
ed to appear here, and men begin to compromise t
difference—night, gothicism, confusion, and absolu
chaos, are come again. To see one's urn
obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedness

our beloved mistresses, the naiads and the dryads, posed by that ruffian Winter to universal observa-n; is a severity scarcely to be supported by the lp of blazing hearths, cheerful companions, and a ttle of the most grateful burgandy. The rks of a person that builds, begin immediately to cay; while those of him who plants begin directly improve. In this, planting promises a more last-g pleasure than building; which, were it to remain equal perfection, would at best begin to moulder d want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a cumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual riety. It is inconvenient, indeed, if they cause our e of life to take root and flourish with them; hereas the very sameness of our structures will, thout the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us m our attachment to them. It is a custom some countries to condemn the characters of those ter death) that have neither planted a tree, nor got a child. The taste of the citizen and of e mere peasant are, in all respects, the same. The rmer gilds his balls; paints his stonework and tues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them, at he can, of the resemblance of birds, or bears, men; squirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in short, mires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits ery thing that is glaring, that implies expense, or t effects a surprise because it is unnatural. The asant is his admirer. It is always to be remem-ed in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, d beauty or variety, are very different things. ery scene we see in nature is either tame and in-id; or compounded of those. It often happens

that the same ground may receive from art, eithe
certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence,
certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixtu
of each kind. In this case it remains to be conside
ed in which light they can be rendered most remar
able, whether as objects of beauty or magnificenc
Even the temper of the proprietor should not, pe
haps, be wholly disregarded: for certain comple
ions of soul will prefer an orange tree or a myrtle,
an oak or cedar. However, this should not indu
a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shru
bery; or invest a mountain with a garb of ros
This would be like dressing a giant in a sarsen
gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussel's night-ca
Indeed the small circular clumps of firs, whi
I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me
ten in mind of a coronet placed upon an elephant
camel's back. I say, a gardener should not do th
any more than a poet should attempt to write of t
king of Prussia in the style of Phillips. On the oth
side, what would become of Lesbia's sparrow, shou
it be treated in the same language with the anger
Achilles? Gardeners may be divided in
three sorts, the landscape gardener, the parter
gardener and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to o
first division of gardens. I have used t
word landscape-gardeners; because, in pursuance
our present taste in gardening, every good painter
landscape appears to me the most proper designe
The misfortune of it is, that these painters are apt
regard the execution of their work, much more th
the choice of subject. The art of distanci
and approximating, comes truly within their spher
the former by the gradual diminution of distinctne

d of size; the latter by the reverse. A straight-ned avenue that is widened in front, and planted ere with yew trees, then firs, then with trees more d more fady, till they end in the almond-willow, silver osier; will produce a very remarkable de-ption of the former kind; which deception will be creased, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable d truly larger than those at the end of the avenue at are more fady. To distance a building, lant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of ifferent-coloured greens. — Ever-greens are best r all such purposes.—Suppose the outer one of olly, and the next of laurel, &c. The consequence ill be that the imagination immediately allows a pace betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the ouse and them; and as the imagined space is inde-rminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will ot appear inconsiderable. The imagination is a reater magnifier than a microscopic glass. And on his head, I have known some instances, where, by hewing intermediate ground, the distance has ap-eared less, than while a hedge or grove concealed . Hedges, appearing as such, are universal-y bad. They discover art in nature's province. Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and be-ome a part of them. There is no more sudden and bvious improvement, than a hedge removed, and he trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge. Water should ver appear as an irregular lake or winding stream. slands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but essen grandeur through variety. It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, that famili-arity is, for the most part, productive of contempt.

Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves! Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure, but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the first impression. Thus negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-fashioned gardens. Art, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them; I mean, in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, on the following account—man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present situation he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view, or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated places in

the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terraces—or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries, as that man should be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But, tho' art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorized to thwart and to oppose her? Why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent on the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of its natural production: nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of gothic artists. We view with much more satisfaction some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silk-worm; but we loath the puny author, when she thinks proper to emerge; and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental; or, perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is his interest to be seen as much as possible: and, tho'

nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her side, will not repay.

A rural scene to me is never perfect without the addition of some kind of building: indeed, I have known a scar of rock-work, in great measure, supply the deficiency. In gardening, it is no small point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by surprize; for instance, by abrupt transition from their contraries—but to lay a stress on surprize only; for example, on the surprize occasioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpose; is a symptom of bad taste, and a violent fondness for mere concetto.

Grandeur and beauty are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one as you increase the other. Variety is most a-kin to the latter, simplicity to the former. Suppose a large hill varied, by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rock, chalk-quarries, villages, or farm-houses; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful scene, but much less grand than it was before. In many instances, it is most eligible to compound your scene of beauty and grandeur.—Suppose a magnificent swell arising out of a well-variegated valley; it would be disadvantageous to encrease its beauty, by means destructive to its magnificence. There may possibly, but there seldom happens to be any occasion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwise. It is for the most part the gardener's business to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high. The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordshire afford a most beautiful scenery, at the time they are in blossom: but the prospect would be

really grander, did it consist of simple foliage. For the same reason, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the same in spring. The sprightly green is then obfuscated. Smoothness and easy transitions are no small ingredients in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the sublime. Thus a tapering spire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander. Many of the different opinions relating to the preference to be given to seats, villas, &c. are owing to want of distinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter please; but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other. Mr. Addison thought an open uninclosed champaign country, formed the best landscape. Somewhat here is to be considered. Large, unvarigated, simple objects have the best pretensions to sublimity; a large mountain, whose sides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then its beauty is proportionably less. However, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur. Offensive objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble fallow ground.

ON POLITICS.

Perhaps men of the most different sects and parties very frequently think the same; only vary in their phrase and language. At least, if one examine their first principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to consider the rest as nothing more. A courtier's dependent is a beggar's dog. If national reflections be unjust, because there are good men in all nations, are not national wars on much the same footing? A government is inexcusable for employing foolish ministers; because they may examine a man's head, tho' they cannot his heart. I fancy, the proper means of encreasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one. The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive. There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in society as well as butchers; and who knows but the necessity of butchers (inflaming and stimulating the passions with animal food) might at first occasion the necessity of heroes. Butchers, I believe, were prior. The whole mystery of a courtly behaviour seems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones. A man of remarkable genius may afford to pass by a piece of wit, if it happen to border on abuse. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately. Indolence is a kind of centripetal force. It seems idle to

rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not this circumstance an argument in its favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play? A sportsman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diversion: a fox, that will support the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment.

The submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conquests of Henry the fifth in France.

The most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a successful engagement, or in it: I mean, by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation. Resistance to the reigning powers is justifiable, on a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject; that our interposition tends to establish better measures; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may overbalance them. But these considerations must never be separated. People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention—or admiration: likewise because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others. Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle sized are alone entangled in. Tho' I have no

sort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make some distinction between the immorality of its abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-speech, remarks with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worst of crimes. And in regard to civil societies, I believe there are none but madmen will dispute it. But surely with regard to conscience, erroneous judgments and ill-grounded convictions may render it some people's duty. Sin does not consist in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend on the understanding, but the will. Now, if it appear that a man's opinion has happened to misplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious desire of indulging his appetites.—In short, if his own reason, liable to err, have biassed his will; rather than his will any way contributed to bias and deprave his reason, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none, beside an earthly tribunal.

A person's right to resist, depends on a conviction that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better; that he, by his resistance, can introduce a change to its advantage, and this without any consequential evils that will bear proportion to the said advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the case of Bamerino, I will not presume to say: how conceived, or from what delusion sprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honest man, in other respects, one may guess his behaviour was rather owing to the misrepresentations of his reason, than to any depravity, perverseness, or disingenuity of his will.

If a person ought heartily to stickle for any cause

ould be that of moderation. Moderation should his party.

EGOTISMS.

From my own sensations.

1. I hate maritime expressions, similes, and allu-ons; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the un-turalness of shipping, and the great share which t ever claims in that practice. 2. I am ankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

May I always have a heart superior, with œcono-y suitable, to my fortune. 4. Inanimates, ys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from , when they have been our companions through rious vicissitudes. I have often viewed my watch, andish, snuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; lotting them a degree of friendship, which there e some men who do not deserve:

"Midst many faithless only faithful found."

I loved Mr. Somervile, because he knew so per-ctly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pilifi-ation of money. 6. It is with me, in regard the earth itself, as it is in regard to those who walk pon its surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to tch distant views of the country as I walk along; ut I insensibly chuse to sit where I cannot see two ards before me. 7. I begin too soon in life slight the world, more than is consistent with aking a figure in it. The "non est tanti" of Ovid rows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have passion. 8. I am obliged to the person at speaks me fair to my face. I am only more

obliged to the man who speaks well of me in my absence also. Should I be asked whether I chose to have a person speak well of me when absent or present, I should answer the latter; for were all men to do so, the former would be insignificant.

9. I feel an avarice of social pleasure, which produces only mortification. I never see a town or city in a map, but I figure to myself many agreeable persons in it, with whom I could wish to be acquainted.

10. It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hosier.

11. It is a miserable thing to love where one hates, and yet it is not inconsistent. 12. The modern world considers it as a part of politeness, to drop the mention of kindred in all addresses to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and esteem on a less partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not suffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it serves to connect us closer. Wherever I disesteemed, I would abdicate my first cousin. 13. Circumlocutory, philosophical obscenity appears to me the most nauseous of all stuff: shall I say it takes away the spirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a caput mortuum? or shall I say rather it is a Sir—e in an envelope of fine gilt paper, which only raises expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obscene with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who use an unaffected language: but even among these as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

14. It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes beforehand. 15. There are a sort of people

whom one would allot good wishes and perform od offices: but they are sometimes those, with om one would by no means share one's time.

I would have all men elevated to as great a height, they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

I am surely more inclined (of the two) to pretend alse disdain, than an unreal esteem. 18. t why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge Wales that convert my farm-house into a Hamp-court, and where they speak of a glazed window a great piece of magnificence. All things figure comparison. 19. I do not so much want avoid being cheated, as to afford the expense of ing so: the generality of mankind being seldom in od humour but whilst they are imposing on you in me shape or other. 20. I cannot avoid mparing the ease and freedom I enjoy, to the ease an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness joined with the convenience. 21. Not He-ew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese nguage, seem half so difficult to me as the language refusal. 22. I actually dreamt that some-dy told me I must not print my pieces separate. hat certain stars would, if single, be hardly con-icuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a ry splendid constellation. 23. The ways ballad-singers, and the cries of halfpenny-pamph-s, appeared so extremely humourous, from my dgings in Fleet-street, that it gave me pain to ob-rve them without a companion to partake. For, as! laughter is by no means a solitary entertain-ent. 24. Had I a fortune of eight or ten ousand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make yself a neighbourhood. I would first build a vil-

lage with a church, and people it with inhabitants some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds a piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independence. The house of a more precarious tenure, that, in case of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant. —How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded on the inconvenient consequences of it when put in execution.

25. I think, I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends, in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "Malè sarta gratia necquicquam coit, & rescinditur." A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour towards the latter part of life.

26. There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere person of rank and fortune. It is "crambe bis cocta."—The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit.

27. What pleasure it is to pay one

ebts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttelton ake the same observation. It seems to flow from combination of circumstances, each of which is roductive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes at uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from de-endence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the reditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection: promotes that future confidence, which is so very teresting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect f being readily supplied with what we want on future ccasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own vir-ue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both point of justice and of sound œconomy. Finally, is a main support of simple reputation.

8. It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend to others also, on the score of prudence) whenever lose a person's friendship, who generally commences nemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And his may be best effected by bringing over some of ne's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, hav-ng the same number of friends, at least, if not an nemy the less. Such a method of proceeding hould, I think, be as regularly observed, as the istribution of vacant ribbons, on the death of nights of the garter. 29. It has been a max-m with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a erson whose offence proceeded from no depravity f heart: but where I was convinced it did so, to fore-go, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to orget the persons of my enemies as much as I was ble, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced hat I have derived no small share of happiness from his principle. 30. I have been formerly so

silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet it is probable that from the licence and flattery that attends their education, they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ON DRESS.

1. Dress, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application. On this account I have seen parts of dress, in themselves extremely beautiful, which, at the same time, subject the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation. 2. A man's dress, in the former part of life, should rather tend to set off his person, than to express riches, rank, or dignity: in the latter, the reverse. 3. Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean such as is expressed by the more languid colours, is altogether absurd. They ought to be rather

udy than genteel; if for no other reason, yet for is, that elegance may more strongly distinguish the pearance of the gentleman. 4. It is a point out doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly e judges of men's dress, and the men of that of the dies. 5. I think, till thirty, or with some a tle longer, people should dress in a way that is ost likely to procure the love of the opposite sex. 6. There are many modes of dress, which the rld esteems handsome, which are by no means lculated to shew the human figure to advantage. Love can be founded on nature only; or the ap- arance of it—for this reason, however a peruke ay tend to soften the human features, it can very dom make amends for the mixture of artifice which discovers. 8. A rich dress adds but little the beauty of a person, it may possibly create a ference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

"Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas & amor." *Ovid.*

9. Simplicity can scarcely be carried too far: pro- ded it be not so singular as to excite a degree of dicule. The same caution may be requisite in re- ard to the value of your dress: tho' splendor be not ecessary, you must remove all appearance of pover- : the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to ac- nowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. ndeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur f dress, for beauty of person. 10. A person's anner is never easy whilst he feels a consciousness at he is fine. The country-fellow, considered in me lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is essed on Sundays, with a large nose-gay in his osom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or

when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is the he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his ap parel. 11. When a man has run all length himself, with regard to dress, there is but one mea remaining, which can add to his appearance. An this consists in having recourse to the utmost plain ness in his own apparel, and at the same time richl garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servan appear as fine as ever you please, the world must a ways consider the master as his superior. And th is that peculiar excellence so much admired in th best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well a Virgil: where somewhat is left to be supplied by th spectator and reader's imagination. 12. M thinks, apparel should be rich in the same propo tion as it is gay: it otherwise carries the appearanc of somewhat unsubstantial: in other words, of a grea er desire than ability to make a figure. 1 Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choic of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, r ther than selecting such colours as may encrease the own beauty. 14. I cannot see why a perso should be esteemed haughty, on account of his tas for fine clothes, any more than one who discovers fondness for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. In agination influences both to seek amusement in glow ing colours; only the former endeavours to give the a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that person may love splendor without any degree pride; which is never connected with this taste bu when a person demands homage on account of th finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, an commences mere ambition. Yet the world is no enough candid to make this essential distinction.

15. The first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing clothes infinitely superior to his rank. 16. Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit; and it was from hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

17. There are certain shapes and physiognomies of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarcely win respect even in the country, tho' they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth. 18. A large retinue on a small income, like a large cascade on a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity. 19. Why are perfumes so much decryed? When a person on his approach diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the ancients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings "veiled in a cloud of fragrance?" 20. The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

1. Fine writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style. 2. Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house. 3. The world may be divided

into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters. 4. Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth. 5. Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceedingly near the surface. 6.

> "Sumite materiam vesiris, qui scribitis, æquam viribus."—

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

7. There is no word in the Latin language that signifies a female friend. "Amica" means a mistress; and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

8. The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit? 9. One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he stoops; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him. 10. The national opinion of a book or treatise is not always right—"est ubi peccat."—Milton's "Paradise Lost" is one instance; I mean, the cold reception it met with at first.

11. Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility; sensibility strenghtens passion; and passion

makes people humourists. Yet a person of genius is often expected to shew more discretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greatest impediment. This happens for want of distinguishing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiscriminately give the denomination of a man of genius. 12. An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a musician by playing upon a bad instrument. 13. Poets seem to have fame, in lieu of most temporal advantages. They are too little formed for business, to be respected: too often feared or envied, to be beloved. 14. Tully ever seemed an instance to me, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer. 15. One would rather be a stump of laurel than the stump of a churchyard yew-tree. 16. "Degere more feræ."* VIR. Vanbrugh seems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miss Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch. 17. There is a certain flimziness of poetry, which seems expedient in a song. 18. Dido, as well as Desdemona,† seems to have been a mighty admirer of strange atchievements:

> "Heu! quibus ille
> jactatus fatis! quæ bella exhausta canebat!
> si mihi non," &c.

This may shew that Virgil, Shakespeare, and Shaftesbury agreed in the same opinion. 19. It is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friends for the sake of a joke. Candour may discover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the less

* To lead the life of a beast. † Lord Shaftesbury.

degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

20. People in high or in distinguished life ought to have a greater circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. For instance, I saw Mr. Pope—and what was he doing when you saw him?—why, to the best of my memory, he was picking his nose.

21. Even Joe Miller, in his "Jests," has an eye to poetical justice; generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind!

22. To say a person writes a good style, is originally as pedantic an expression, as to say he plays a good fiddle.

23. The first line of Virgil seems to patter like a hail storm.—"Tityre, tu patulæ," &c.

24. The vanity and extreme self-love of the French is nowhere more observable than in their authors; and among these, in none more than Boileau; who, besides his rhodomontades, preserves every the most insipid reading in his notes, tho' he have removed it from the text for the sake of one ever so much better.

25. The writer who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift. A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more striking effect without the author's comment.

26. Long periods and short seem analogous to gothic and modern stairs cases: the former were of such a size as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter such that they might command half a dozen. I think nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing, that does not strongly affect one's passions: and that is but slenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies.

"Incredulus odi." HOR.

7. A preface very frequently contains such a piece of riticism, as tends to countenance and establish the eculiarities of the piece. 28. I hate a style, as do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that ides along like an eel, and never rises to what one an call an inequality. 29. It is obvious to iscover that imperfections of one kind have a visible ndency to produce perfections of another. Mr. ope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a ore laborious cultivation of his talent, without hich he foresaw that he must have languished in bscurity. The advantages of person are a good eal essential to popularity in the grave world as ell as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied appli- ation to poetry, became not only the favourite of e learned, but also of the ladies. 30. Pope, think, never once mentions Prior; tho' Prior speaks handsomely of Pope in his "Alma." One might magine that the latter, indebted as he was to the rmer for such numberless beauties, should have adily repaid this poetical obligation. This can nly be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other ords, to some modification of selfishness.

1. Virgil never mentions Horace, tho' indebted to im for two very well-natured compliments.

2. Pope seems to me the most correct writer since irgil; the greatest genius only since Dryden.

3. No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope a judicious choice of his poetical subjects.

4. Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may aturally enough term the condensation of thoughts. think, no other English poet ever brought so much nse into the same number of lines with equal smooth- ss, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts

of this peruse his "Essay on Man" with attention Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could no easily have swerved: perhaps, he could not hav sufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce the flimziness which is required in a ballad or love-song His "Monster of Ragusa" and his "Translation from Chaucer" have some little tendency to invali date this observation. 35. I durst not hav censured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, yo say. True. A writer surrounded with all his fam engaging with another that is hardly known, is a ma in armour attacking another in his night-gown an slippers. 36. Pope's religion is often foun very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it i no doubt, embellished with the most pompous scen and ostentatious imagery: for instance,

"When from the c·nser clouds of," &c.

37. Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteratio regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

"Die and endow a college or a cat," &c. &c.

It is an easy kind of beauty. Dryden seems to hav borrowed it from Spenser. 38. Pope h published fewer foibles than any other poet that equally voluminous. 39. It is no doubt ex tremely possible to form an English prosody; but t a good ear it were almost superfluous, and to a ba one useless; this last being, I believe, never joine with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; may be connected with sound judgment: but is sur ly never united with taste, which is the life and so of poetry. 40. Rhymes, in elegant poetry should consist of syllables that are long in pronunci tion: such as "are, ear, ire, ore, your;" in which nice ear will find more agreeableness than in the

gnat, net, knit, knot, nut." 41. There is a ast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular ature in the eighth and ninth syllables of an English erse. I mean, what is virtually a dactyl. For in-ance,

"And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains."

et any person of an ear substitute "liquid" instead "wat'ry," and he will find the disadvantage. Mr. ope (who has improved our versification through a dicious disposition of the pause) seems not enough ware of this beauty. 42. As to the frequent e of alliteration, it has probably had its day. 3. It has ever a good effect when the stress of the ought is laid upon that word which the voice most turally pronounces with an emphasis,

"I nunc & versus-tecum meditare," &c. *Hor.*
"Quam vellent æthere in alto
nunc & pauperiem," &c. *Virg.*
"O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia," &c. *Virg.*
"At regina gravi jamdudum," &c. *Virg.*

irgil, whose very metre appears to affect one's pas-ons, was a master of this secret. 44. There e numbers in the world, who do not want sense, to ake a figure so much as an opinion of their own ilities, to put them on recording their observations, d allowing them the same importance which they to those which others print. 45. A good iter cannot, with the utmost study, produce some oughts, which will flow from a bad one with ease d precipitation. The reverse is also true. A bad iter, &c. 46. "Great wits have short emories," is a proverb; and as such has undoubt-ly some foundation in nature. The case seems to , that men of genius forget things of common con-rn, unimportant facts, and circumstances, which

make no slight impression in every day minds. But surely it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of passages, either to illustrate or contrast with any present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers, renders his case the more remarkable; and this explains the mystery. 47. Prudes allow no quarter to such ladies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gentle passions; either because themselves being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other so powerful as to occasion them any difficulty; or because no one has tempted them to transgress that way themselves. It is the same case with some critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers. 48. It seems with wit and good-nature, "Utrum horum mavis accipe." Taste and good-nature are universally connected. 49. Voiture's compliments to ladies are honest on account of their excess. 50. Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases. 51. Every person insensibly fixes on some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, altho' it occasions one to talk the less. 52. Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money. 53. There is nothing exerts a genius so much as writing plays; the reason is, that the writer puts himself in the place of every person that speaks. 54. Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure tha

gular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and vel sheets of water, in the formation of a landscape. he reason is, they are not natural, and moreover ant variety. 55. Trifles discover a charac- r more than actions of importance. In regard to e former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it ot material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imper- ct hint towards the discovery of a man's character, say he looks as tho' you might be certain of find- g a pin upon his sleeve. 56. A grammarian eaks of first and second person: a poet of Celia nd Corydon: a mathematician of A and B: a lawyer Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of ped- ntry! 57. Shakespeare makes his very bom- ast answer his purpose, by the persons he chuses to tter it. 58. A poet, till he arrives at thirty, an see no other good than a poetical reputation. bout that æra, he begins to discover some other.

9. The plan of Spencer's "Fairy-queen" appears to e very imperfect. His imagination, tho' very exten- ve, yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally llowed; if one consider the facility of realizing and quipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has me advantages, tho', in many respects, exception- ble. His good-nature is visible through every part his poem. His conjunction of the pagan and hristian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both cting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much rt and judgment are discovered in parts, and but ttle in the whole. One may entertain some doubt hether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be ot as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous the extent of imagination. Spencer, to be sure, xpands the last; but then he expands it beyond its

due limits. After all, there are many favourite pas-
sages in his "Fairy-queen," which will be instance
of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.
60. A poet, that fails in writing, becomes often
morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine
makes at length excellent vinegar. 61. Peo-
ple of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance o
established writers, not so much on account of th
social pleasure, as the credit of it: the former would
induce them to chuse persons of less capacities, and
tempers more conformable. 62. Language i
to the understanding what a genteel motion is to th
body; a very great advantage. But a person may
be superior to another in understanding, that has no
an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boas
a handsomer figure, that is inferior to another in re
gard to motion. 63. The words "no more"
have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of pas
pleasure and the future exclusion of it. 64. Ev
ery single observation that is published by a man o
genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed o
importance; because he speaks from his own impres
sions; whereas common men publish common things
which they have, perhaps, gleaned from frivolou
writers. 65. It is providential that our affec
tion diminishes in proportion as our friends' powe
encreases. Affection is of less importance whenever
a person can support himself. It is on this accoun
that younger brothers are often beloved more tha
their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite
We may trace the same law throughout the anima
creation. 66. The time of life when fancy
predominates, is youth; the season when judgmen
decides best, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, i

spect of their disposition, younger than other persons: a circumstance that gives the latter part of their lives some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatic tribe discover it in the former. 67. One sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect on the reader. For instance (after Falstaff's disappointment in serving Shallow at court)

"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds." *Shakes.*

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation. "Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pounds in preparations." After the detail of king John's abject submission to the Pope's legate: "Now John was hated and despised before." But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the scripture (conclusion of a chapter in St. John). "Now Barabbas was a robber." 68. A poet hurts himself by writing prose; as a race-horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team. 69. The superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The former say, "sur la tapis;" the latter, "upon the anvil." Does it not shew also the sincerity and serious face with which we enter on business, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the most important. 70. There are two qualities adherent to the most ingenious authors: I do not mean without exception. A decent pride that will admit of no servility, and a sheepish bashfulness that keeps their worth conceal-

ed: the "superbia quæsita meritis" and the "malu pudor" of Horace. The one will not suffer them t make advances to the great; the other disguises tha merit for which the great would seek out them Add to these the frequent indolence of speculativ tempers. 71. A poetical genius seems th most elegant of youthful accomplishments; but it i entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety o behaviour, sprightliness of dress, and a blooming as pect, conspire very amicably to their mutual embe lishment; but the poetic talent has no more to d with age, than it would avail his Grace of Canterbur to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for catch. 72. The most obsequious muses, lik the fondest and most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any reason to boast much of their favours. 73. If you write an original piece, you wonder n one ever thought of the best of subjects before you if a translation, of the best authors. 74. Th ancient poets seem to value themselves greatly o their power of perpetuating the fame of their cotem poraries. Indeed the circumstance that has fixed thei language, has been the only means of verifying som of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwise, th historians appear more equal to the task of confer ring immortality. A history will live, tho' writte ever so indifferently; and is generally less suspected than the rhetoric of the muses. 75. I wonde authors do not discover how much more elegant it i to fix their name to the end of their preface, or an introductory address, than to the title-page. It is perhaps, for the sake of a F. R. S. or a LL. D. at th end of it. It should seem, the many lies discernible in books of travels, may be owing to ac

unts collected from improper people. Were one give a character of the English, from what the lgar act and believe, it would convey* a strange ea of the English understanding. 77. Might t the poem on the "Seasons" have been rendered ore "uni," by giving out the design of nature in e beginning of winter, and afterwards considering the varieties of seasons as means aiming at one d? 78. Critics must excuse me, if I com- re them to certain animals called asses; who, by awing vines, originally taught the great advantage pruning them. 79. Every good poet includes critic; the reverse will not hold. 80. We nt a word to express the "hospes" or "hospita" the ancients; among them, perhaps, the most re- ectable of all characters; yet with us translated host," which we apply also to an innkeeper. either have we any word to express "amica," as we thought a woman always was somewhat more less than a friend. 81. I know not where y Latin author uses "ignotos" otherwise than as obscure persons," as the modern phrase implies, whom nobody knows." Yet it is used differently n Mrs. L————'s monument. 82. The hilosopher, who considered the world as one vast nimal, could esteem himself no other than a louse on the back of it. 83. Orators and stage- achmen, when the one wants arguments and the her a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their aches with rhetoric and flower-pots. 84. is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of in- rior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the ue taste in composition; and a person's own im-

* Missionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

agination should be able to supply the rest.
In the same manner it is superfluous to pursue inf
rior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, o
one well-finished composition, includes more tha
all the results from more trivial performances.
mean this for persons who make fame their only mo
tive. Very few sentiments are proper to b
put into a person's mouth, during the first attack o
grief. Every thing disgusts, but mere simpl
city; the scriptural writers describe their heroes u
ing only some such phrase as this: "Alas! my broth
er!" "Oh Absalom, my son! my son!" &c. Th
lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffus
but at the same time entirely simple. Ang
ling is literally described by Martial:

"— tremula piscem deducere seta."

From "ictum fœdus" seems to come the Englis
phrase and custom of striking a bargain.
I like Ovid's "Amours" better than his "Epistles."
There seems a greater variety of natural thoughts
whereas, when one has read the subject of one of hi
epistles, one foresees what it will produce in a write
of his imagination. The plan of his "Epis
tles," for the most part, well designed.—The answer
of Sabinus, nothing. Necessity may be th
mother of lucrative invention; but is the death o
poetical. If a person suspect his phrase to b
somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper h
should accustom himself to compose in blank verse
but let him be much on his guard against ancien
Pistol's phraseology. Providence seems alto
gether impartial in the dispensation which bestow
riches on one and a contempt of them on another.
Respect is the general end for which riches, power

ace, title, and fame, are implicitly desired. When e is possessed of the end through any one of these eans, is it not wholly unphilosophical to covet the mainder? Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel anagement of some familiar ideas, seems to have equal. He discovers an eloignment from vulgar hrases much becoming a person of quality. His etches should be studied, like those of Raphael. is "Enquiry" is one of the shortest and clearest stems of morality. The question is, wheth- you distinguish me, because you have better sense an other people; or whether you seem to have bet- r sense than other people, because you distinguish e. One feels the same kind of disgust in ading Roman history, which one does in novels, or en epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom e victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, d the Roman, are too seldom overcome.

he elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing ore conspicuous than in their answers to ambassa- rs. There is an important omission in most our grammar-schools, through which what we ad, either of fabulous or real history, leaves either int or confused impressions. I mean the neglect old geographical maps. Were maps of ancient reece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge e there acquire would not want to be renewed af- ards, as is now generally the case. A person a pedantic turn will spend five years in translat- g, and contending for the beauties of a worse oem than he might write in five weeks himself. here seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their hole character of genius to that of learning.

oileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his ad-

mirable satires, that man has no manner of preten
to prefer his faculties before those of the brute cre
tion. Oldham has translated him: my Lord R
chester has imitated him: and even Mr. Pope d
clares,

> "That, reason raise o'er instinct how you can,
> in this 't is God directs; in that 't is man."

Indeed the "Essay on Man" abounds with illust
tions of this maxim; and it is amazing to find h
many plausible reasons may be urged to support
It seems evident that our itch of reasoning, and spi
of curiosity, precludes more happiness than it c
possibly advance. What numbers of diseases a
entirely artificial things, far from the ability of
brute to contrive! We disrelish and deny oursel
cheap and natural gratifications, through speculat
presciences and doubts about the future. We ca
not discover the designs of our Creator. We shou
learn then of brutes to be easy under our ignoran
and happy in those objects that seem intended, ob
ously, for our happiness: not overlook the flow
of the garden, and foolishly perplex ourselves w
the intricacies of the labyrinth. I wish
two editions of all books whatsoever. One of
simple text, published by a society of able han
another with the various readings and remarks of
ablest commentators. To endeavour, all on
days, to fortify our minds with learning and philo
phy, is to spend so much in armour that one
nothing left to defend. If one would think w
philosophers, one must converse but little with
vulgar. These, by their very number, will forc
person into a fondness for appearance, a love
money, a desire of power; and other plebeian p

ons: objects which they admire, because they have o share in, and have not learning to supply the lace of experience. Livy, the most elegant nd principal of the Roman historians, was, perhaps, superstitious as the most unlearned plebeian. We e, he never is destitute of appearances, accurately escribed and solemnly asserted, to support particu- r events by the interposition of exploded deities. he puerile attentions to chicken feeding in a morn- g—and then a piece of gravity: "Parva sunt hæc, d parva ista non contemnenda; majores nostri max- nam hanc rem fecerunt." It appears from e Roman historians, that the Romans had a partic- ar veneration for the fortunate. Their epi- het "Felix" seems ever to imply a favourite of the ods. I am mistaking, or modern Rome has gener- ly acted in an opposite manner. Numbers amongst em have been canonized on the single merit of mis- rtunes. How different appears ancient and odern dialogue, on account of superficial subjects which we now generally converse! add to this, e ceremonial of modern times, and the number of tles with which some kings clog and encumber con- rsation. The celebrated boldness of an stern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed it r the inconsiderable similitude it bears to its sub- ct. The style of letters, perhaps, should not se higher than the style of refined conversation. ove-verses, written without real passion, are often e most nauseous of all conceits. Those written om the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful ason of youth, and poetry, and love. Vir- l gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, yond any other writer, by uniting the most perfect

harmony of metre, with the most pleasing ideas images:

"Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem;"

And,

"Argentum Pariusve lapis"——

with a thousand better instances. Nothing ten so much to produce drunkenness, or even madne as the frequent use of parenthesis in conversation. Few greater images of impatience, than a gene seeing his brave army over-matched and cut pieces, and looking out continually to see his a approach with forces to his assistance. See Shak speare.

"When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
cast many a northward look to see his father
bring up his powers—but he did look in vain."

BOOKS, &c.

Similies, drawn from odd circumstances and effec strangely accidental, bear a near relation to fal wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrate line of Waller:

"He grasp'd at love, and fill'd his hand with bays."

Virgil discovers less wit, and more taste, than an writer in the world.—Some instances:

"—longumque bibebat amorem."

What Lucretius says of the "edita doctrinæ sapie tum templa"—"the temples of philosophers"—a pears in no sense more applicable than to a snug an easy chariot:

"D'sp'cere unde queas alios, passimque videre
errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ."

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-pa

gers, see them wandering on each side you, and k their way through the dirt:

——"seriously
from learning's tow'ring height to gaze around,
and see plebeian spirits range below."

ere is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the use represents the joints of building; which ought every line and course to have their disposition va-d. The difference betwixt a witty writer d a writer of taste is chiefly this. The former is gligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them rprisingly.—The latter is principally careful what ages he introduces, and studies simplicity rather an surprise in his manner of introduction.

may, in some measure, account for the difference taste in the reading of books, to consider the dif-rence of our ears for music. One is not pleased thout a perfect melody of style, be the sense what will: another, of no ear for music, gives to sense its ll weight without any deduction on account of rshness. Harmony of period and melody style have greater weight than is generally imagin-in the judgment we pass on writing and writers. a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of scrip-re, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most member and quote, either in verse or prose, and e shall find them to be only musical ones.

wonder the ancient mythology never shews Apollo amoured of Venus; considering the remarkable eference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. he Orientals act more consonantly, when they sup-ose the nightingale enamoured of the rose;—the ost harmonious bird of the fairest and most de-ghtful flower. Hope is a flatterer; but the

most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given. Perhaps, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly on the thought, and such as depends more on the expression: or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity. The "Splendid Shilling" of Mr. Phillips," and the "Hudibras" of Butler, are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much on the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humourous one. Scenes below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour. Swift in poetry deserves a place somewhere between Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires. I believe, few people discover less humour in "Don Quixote" than myself. For beside the general sameness of adventure, where by it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild atchievements of a madman. The natural passion, in that case, is pity, with some small portion of mirth at most. Sancho's character is indeed comic, and, were it removed from the romance, would discover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote. It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

1. The arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances, and catastrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species, but as an individual; not as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

2. I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableness, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own persons.

It is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our constitution, that the one may not survive the other. 4. Deference often shrinks and withers as much on the approach of intimacy, as the sensative plant does on the touch of one's finger. 5. The word Folly is, perhaps, the prettiest word in the language. Amusement and Diversion are good well meaning words: but Pastime is what never should be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away. 6. Dancing in the rough is one of the most natural expressions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely, "cum ratione insanire."

A plain, down-right, open-hearted fellow's conversation is as insipid, says Sir. Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amusement of thinking. 8. The fortunate have many parasites: Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance on the wretched and the beggar.

A man of genius mistaking his talent loses the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being un-

distinguished. 10. Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority: envy our uneasiness under it. 11. What some people term freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence. 12. I cannot see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved. 13. The ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors, is as tho' the moon, under an eclipse, should pretend to laugh at the sun. 14. Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing to you the grounds of it. 15. I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun: which may by accident go off and kill one. 16. I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle. 17. Many persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness. 18. Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places. 19. Men of fine parts, they say, are often proud I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act on an appearance of reason. 20. It was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she neglected the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times, that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit. 21. The only dif

ence betwixt wine and ale seems to be that of emic and galenic medicines. 22. It is the duplication or accumulation of compliments, that es them their agreeableness: I mean, when, seem- g to wander from the subject, you return to it again th greater force. As a common instance: 'I wish was capable of a precise demonstration how much steem, love, and honour you, beyond all the rich, e gay, the great of this sublunary sphere: but I be- ve that both divines and laymen will agree that e sublimest and most valuable truths are often- mes least capable of demonstration.' 23. It a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbi- ary governments (but suitable to none other) to in- l it into the minds of the people that their Great uke knoweth all things. 24. In a heavy ppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, e best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's iends. 25. Pride and modesty are some- mes found to unite together in the same character: nd the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and ater. The worst combination I know is that of varice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs e good that pride eventually produces. What I ean is, expense. 26. A great many tunes, y a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one n mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

7. People frequently use this expression, "I am in- lined to think so and so;" not considering that they re then speaking the most literal of all truths.

8. The first part of a newspaper which an ill-natur- d man examines is, the list of bankrupts, and the ills of mortality. 29. The chief thing which nduces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is

the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwise run away with the men of sense's privileges. 30. To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and, as it were, eaten up with rust, is a bad compliment to the present age.

31. Ask to borrow six-pence of the muses, and they will tell you, at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds. 32. The argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much stronger for their restraint, than it is for their indulgence.

33. Few men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence. 34. There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy. 35. One may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and convenience so remarkably coincide. 36. Altho' a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes by considerably. As, from Tom to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve or familiarity. 37. For a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room. 38. There is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons who discover the flatterer, do not always disapprove him, because he imagines them considerable enough to deserve his applications. It is a tacit sort of compliment, that he esteems them to be such as it is

orth his while to flatter:

"And when I tell him, he hates flattery,
he says he does, being then most flatter'd." *Shakes.*

. A person has sometimes more public than private erit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for eir ancestor; but that of all the world was internal d sincere. Your plain domestic people ho talk of their humility and home-felt satisfac-ons, will, in the same breath discover how much ey envy a shining character. How is this consist-t? 'You are prejudiced,' says Pedandicus; will not take your word, or your character of that an.'—'But the grounds of my prejudice are the source my accusation.' A proud man's intimates e generally more attached to him, than the man of erit and humility can pretend his to be. The rea-n is, the former pays a greater compliment in his ondescension. The situation of a king, is so r from being miserable, as pedants term it, that, a person have magnanimity, it is the happiest I ow; as he has assuredly the most opportunities of stinguishing merit, and conferring obligations.

0. "Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei."

man, a gentleman, evidently appears more consider-ble by seeming to despise his fortune, than a citizen d mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

1. What man of sense, for the benefit of coal-mines, ould be plagued with colliers' conversation?

2. Modesty makes large amends for the pain it ives the persons who labour under it, by the preju-ice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

3. Third thoughts often coincide with the first, and e generally the best grounded. We first relish na-re and the country; then artificial amusements and

the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again. 44. While we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass an useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system. A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind. 45. Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-suits, bleeding; at least an evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money; the former of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation. 46. Were a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable. It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness. His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes. A strong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active. 47. I have seen one evil underneath the sun, which gives me particular mortification. The reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends. 48. A mere relater of matters of fact is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice. 49. If a man be of superior dignity to a woman, a woman is surely as much superior to a man that i

effeminated. Lily's rule in the grammar has well enough adjusted this subordination. "The masculine is more worthy than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter." 50. A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable; that he can never make so much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to shew his riches; says that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry cake house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the gentleman surely chuses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as somewhat superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up to his fortune, and consequently sets himself beneath it. 51. The only kind of revenge which a man of sense need take on a scoundrel, is by a series of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falstaff might say, "turning even quarrels to commodity." 52. It is possible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a priest, to unite man and woman; but of all associations the most effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former seems framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey. 53. The same degree of penetration that shews you another in the wrong, shews him also, in respect to

that instance, your inferior: hence the observatio
and the real fact, that people of clear heads a
what the world calls opinionated. 54. The
are none can baffle men of sense, but fools, on who
they can make no impression. 55. The r
gard one shews to œconomy, is like that we shew
an old aunt who is to leave us something at la
Our behaviour on this account is as much constrai
ed as that

> " of one well studied in a sad ostent
> to please his granam." *Shakes.*

56. Fashion is a great restraint on your persons
taste and fancy; who would otherwise, in the mo
trifling instances, be able to distinguish themselv
from the vulgar. 57. A writer who preten
to polish the human understanding, may beg by t
side of Rutter's chariot, who sells a powder for t
teeth. 58. The difference there is betwixt ho
our and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motiv
The merely honest man does that from duty, whi
the man of honour does for the sake of character.
59. The proverb ought to run, "A fool and
words are soon parted; a man of genius and
money." 60. A man of wit, genius, learnin
is apt to think it something hard, that men of no w
no genius, no learning, should have a greater sha
of wealth and honours; not considering that th
own accomplishment ought to be reckoned to the
as their equivalent. It is no reason that a pers
worth five thousand pounds, should on that accou
have a claim to twenty. 61. A wife ought
reality to love her husband above all the world; b
this preference, I think, should, in point of politene
be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting

an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy, proper management, to wave (all I contend for) appearance. 62. There are some wounds en to reputation that are like the wounds of an venomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the fice while we extract the bearded weapon; yet not the cure be completed otherwise. 63. mongst all the vain-glorious professors of humility, u find none that will not discover how much they y a shining character: and this either by censur- it themselves, or shewing a satisfaction in such as . Now there is this advantage, at least, arising m ambition, that it disposes one to disregard a usand instances of middling grandeur; and re- ces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few t blaze. It is hence a convenient disposition in a ntry place, where one is encompassed with such are merely richer, keep fine horses, a table, foot- n; make a decent figure as rural esquires; yet, er all, discover no more than an every-day ple- an character. These a person of little ambition ght envy; but another of a more extensive one y, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

It is with some men as with some horses: what is eemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This s undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit covered by Tully in regard to his antagonist M. tony. He knew he must destroy him, or be de- oyed himself. 65. The same qualities, ned with virtue, often furnish out a great man, ich, united with a different principle, furnish out ighwayman; I mean courage and strong passions, d they may both join in the same expression, tho' h a meaning somewhat varied—

"Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum
Tollere humo."

i. e. "Be promoted or be hanged."

66. True honour is to honesty, what the court of Chancery is to common law. 67. Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reason to stand in more awe of him. 68. A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles. 69. It is favourable enough on the side of learning, that if a historian mentions a good author, it does not seem absurd to style him a great man: whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman. 70. It is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence a hero, than a happy one. 71. A high-spirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It sometimes operates no otherwise than like the "vis inertiæ;" at others it induces men to bustle and make their part good among their superiors. As Mr. Pope says,

"Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns."

It is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms; it lead him into solitude, that, as he cannot appear their equal, he may, at least, conceal his inferiority. It is sullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other; but it is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like. Sometimes the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable; but in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it; both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise—but then it stands no chance of removing. "Pudor malus ulcera celat." 72. Every single instance of

end's insincerity encreases our dependence on e efficacy of money. It makes one covet what oduces an external respect, when one is disap- inted of that which is internal and sincere. This, rhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to ren- r age covetous. 73. When physicians write diseases, the prognostics and the diagnostics, the mptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal prehensions for every ache about us. When they me to treat of medicines and applications, you em to have no other difficulty but to decide by hich means you would recover. In short, to give e preference between a linctus and an apozem. . One should no more trust to the skill of most othecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their stle and mortar; yet both are useful in their way. . I believe there was never so reserved a solitary, t felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse a human figure. The soul, however, unconscious its social bias in a crowd, will, in solitude, feel me attraction towards the first person that we meet. . In courts, the motion of the body is easy, and ose of the soul constrained: in the country, the stures of the body are constrained, and those of the ul supine and careless. 77. One may easily ough guard against ambition till five and twenty. It is not ambition's day. 78. It should em that indolence itself would incline a person to honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and ntrivance to be a knave. 79. Perhaps, rus- cs, boors, and esquires, make a principal figure in e country, as inanimates are always allowed to be e chief figures in a landscape. 80. Titles ake a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to

a British spirit. They almost vary the species; y
as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so mu
the reward, as the substitutes of merit.
What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty yea
yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth t
price of a chick the moment it is hatched.
82. A liar begins with making falsehood appear li
truth, and ends with making truth itself appear li
falsehood. 83. Fools are very often fou
united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kin
of woods are the most closely glued together.
84. Persons of great delicacy should know the c
tainty of the following truth. There are abundan
of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whate
they determine, they will repent of their determi
tion; and this through a propensity of human nat
to fancy happiness in those schemes, which it d
not pursue. 85. High-spirit in a man, is lik
sword; which, tho' worn to annoy his enemies, ye
often troublesome in a less degree to his friends.
can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt
incommode one or other of the company. It is m
properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone m
fire, and kill one. 86. A miser, if honest, c
be only honest bare weight. Avarice is
most opposite of all characters to that of God
mighty; whose alone it is, to give and not receiv
A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravag
man grows poor by seeming rich. A gra
hopper is, perhaps, the best device for coat-arm
of those who would be thought aborigines; agreea
to the Athenian use of them. Immoder
assurance is perfect licentiousness. Whe
person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish

t the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea
conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possi-
e he should discern the truth. I have some-
mes thought the mind so calculated, that a small
egree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of
easure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass,
any impetus whatsoever. I doubt whether
be not true, that we hate those faults most in others
hich we are guilty of ourselves. A man of
orough sense scarcely admires even any one; but
e must be an ideot, that is the admirer of a fool.
may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts
character for the amusement of the invidious: as
man willingly relinquishes his silver to save his
old from a highwayman. Better be ridiculed for
untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score
morals, as one would rather be pulled by the hair,
an stabbed to the heart. Virtue seems to
e nothing more than a motion consonant to the sys-
em of things. Were a planet to fly from its orbit,
would represent a vicious man. It is diffi-
lt not to be angry at beings we know incapable of
cting otherwise than they do. One ought no more,
one reflect, to be angry at the stupidity of a man
an of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary;
nd yet the practice is otherwise. People
ay, "Do not regard what he says, now he is in
quor." Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be
garded: "Aperit præcordia liber." Pa-
ence is the Panacea; but where does it grow, or
ho can swallow it? Wits uniformly exclaim
gainst fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is
om them alone they can learn what figure them-
lves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with

the generality, and furnishes a better mirror tha
that of artful people, who are sure enough to deceiv
you either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.
We say, he is a man of sense who acknowledges th
same truths that we do; that he is a man of tast
who allows the same beauties. We consider him a
a person of better sense and finer taste, who discern
more truths and more beauties in conjunction wit
ourselves: but we allow neither appellation to th
man who differs from us. We deal out ou
genuine esteem to our equals; our affection for thos
beneath us; and a reluctant sort of respect to thos
that are above us. Glory relaxes often an
debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contract
—both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, th
proper medium. Persons of new families d
well to make magnificent funerals, sumptuous wed
dings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a num
ber of servants in rich and ostentatious liveries; an
to take every public occasion of imprinting on th
mob an habitual notion of their superiority. For s
is deference obtained from that quarter:

"Stupet in titulis & imaginibus."

One scarcely sees how it is possible for a country gi
or a country fellow to preserve their chastity. The
have neither the philosophical pleasure of books, no
the luxurious pleasure of a table, nor the refined a
musement of building, planting, drawing, or design
ing, to divert their imagination from an object t
which they seem continually to stimulate it by pro
vocative allusions. Add to this the health and vig
our that are almost peculiar to them. I am
afraid there are many ladies who only exchange th
pleasures of incontinence for the pleasure they d

re from censure. At least it is no injustice to con-
ude so, where a person is extravagantly censorious.
Persons of judgment and understanding may be
vided into two sorts. Those whose judgment is so
tensive as to comprehend a great deal; existences,
stems, universals: but as there are some eyes so
nstituted as to take in distant objects, yet be ex-
lled by others in regard to objects minute or near,
there are other understandings better calculated
r the examination of particular objects.
he mind is at first an open field without partitions
enclosures. To make it turn to most account, it
very proper to divide and enclose. In other words,
sort our observations. Some men are called
gacious, merely on acccount of their avarice:
hereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is
rn. It is a point of prudence, when you converse
ith your inferior, to consider yourself as conversing
ith his inferior, with whom, no doubt, he may have
e same connection that you have with him: and to
e on your guard accordingly. How deplor-
le then is a person's condition, when his mind can
ly be supported by flattery, and his constitution
t by cordials! when the relief of his present com-
laint undermines its own efficacy, yet encreases the
ccasion for which it is used! Short is then the dur-
ion of our tranquillity, or of our lives.
man is not esteemed ill-natured for any excess of
cial affection; or an indiscreet profusion of his for-
ne on his neighbours, companions, or friends; al-
o' the true measure of his affections is as much im-
ited by this, as by selfishness. If any one's
rse can effect damnation, it is not that of the Pope,
t that of the poor. People of the finest

and most lively genius have the greatest sensibility of consequence the most lively passions; the violence of which puts their conduct on a footing with that of fools. Fools discern the weaknesses which they have in common with themselves; but are not sensible of their excellencies, to which they have no pretensions; of course, always inclined to dispute their superiority. Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment. Virtue should be considered as a part of taste (and perhaps it is so more in this age than in any preceding one) and should as much avoid deceit or sinister meanings in discourse, as they would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments, should he die during the dispute. The man of a towering ambition, or a well-regulated taste has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

Refined sense to a person that is to converse alone with boors, is a manifest inconvenience. As Falstaff says (with some little variation)—

"Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me."

If envious people were universally to ask themselves whether they would exchange their entire situation with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will presume the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

"Quid statis? nolint—atqui licet esse beatis."

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy:

"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
a diis plura feret."—Self-denial.

person, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious. His superiority is more contestible. The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many improprieties excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the pop (who may in some sense use the words of Horace;

"Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo &
"——omnis in hoc sum,")

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct. Man, in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment: virtue, his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: in proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The silly censorious are the very "fel naturæ," "the most bitter of all bitter things;" from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satirist that pisses against it. I have known a sensible man of

opinion that one should not be solicitous about wife's understanding. A woman's sense was wit him a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, whic was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband happiness. I cannot be of his opinion. I am co vinced, that as judgment is the portion of our se so fancy and imagination are more eminently the l of their's. If so, after honesty of heart, what is the we should so much require? A wife's beauty w soon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality first, in our own opinion. Either of these is sufficient pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then seek for something that will retain its novelty; o what is equivalent, will change its shape when h person palls by its identity. Fancy and genius b fairest for this, which have as many shapes, as the can happen occasions to exert them. Good-natu I always suppose. The former will be expedient exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve o minds in a temper to be diverted. I ha known some attornies of reputable families, a whose original dispositions seemed to have been op and humane. Yet can I scarcely recollect one, whom the gentleman, the christian, and even t man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: they a not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pe ants, of all mankind. Reconciliation is t tenderest part either of friendship or of love; t latter more especially, in which the soul is more markably softened. Were a person to make use art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it wer perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive slight estrangement, and then, as it were, imperce ibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here di

overs a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, eturns with an additional violence. Virtue ay be considered as the only means of dispensing appiness in proper portions to every moment of ur time. To judge whether one has sufficient pleasure to render the continuation of life areeable, it is not enough to say, Would you die? ake away first, the hope of better scenes in this life, he fears of worse in another, and the bodily pain of ying. The fear of death seems as natural, s the sensation of lust or of hunger: the first and st, for the preservation of the individual; the other, r the continuation of the species. It seems bvious that God, who created the world, intends he happiness and perfection of the system he creatd. To effect the happiness of the whole, self-love, n its degree, is as requisite as social; for I am myelf a part of that whole, as well as another. The ifficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, lies in proortioning the degrees of self-love and social. "Proxmus sum egomet mihi."—"Tunica pallio propior." —"Charity begins at home." It is so. It ought o be so; nor is there any inconvenience arises to he public, because it is general. Were this away, he individual must soon perish, and consequently he whole body. A man has every moment occasion o exert his self-love for the sake of self-preservation; onsequently this ought to be stronger, in order to eep him on his guard. A centinel's attention should e greater than that of a soldier on a review.

he social, tho' alike constant, is not equally intense; ecause the selfish, being universal, renders the soial less essential to the well-being of one's neighour. In short, the self-love and the social ought to

bear such proportion as we find they generally do. If the selfish passion of the rest preponderate, it would be self-destructive in a few individuals to be over-socially disposed. If the social one prevail generally, to be of remarkable selfishness must obstruct the good of society. Many feel a superfluous uneasiness for want of due attention to the following truth. We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We chuse one, at last, doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme, which we have chosen, answer our expectations but indifferently—most worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might, at least, escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable, we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable, we had not been less so, had we made a different decision. This, however, relates to schemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious. "Happy dogs" (says a certain splenetic) "our footmen and the populace!" "Farewel," says Esop, in Vanbrugh, "whom I both envy and despise!" The servant meets with hundreds whose conversation can amuse him, for one that is the least qualified to be a companion for his master.

"A person cannot eat his cake and have it," is, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, a proper answer to many splenetic people.* But what imports it to be in the possession of a cake that you do not eat? "If then the cake be made to be eaten," says lady L——, "better eat it when you are most hungry." Poor woman! she seems to have acted by this maxim, but

* Complainants.

t could not avoid crying for the cake she had eaten. You should calculate your appearance for the place here you reside. One would rather be a very night in the country than his Honour Mr. Such-a-e. The most consummate selfishness would cline a person, at his death, to dispose of his effects reeably to duty; that he may secure an interest in e world to which he is going. A justice and s clerk are now little more than a blind man and s dog. The profound ignorance of the former, to-ther with the canine impudence and rapacity of e latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindi-te the comparison. The principal part of the sim-tude will appear obvious to every one; I mean, that e justice is as much dependent on his clerk for su-rior insight and implicit guidance, as the blind fel-w on his cur that leads him in a string. Add to is, that the offer of a crust will seduce the conduc-rs of either to drag their masters into a kennel.

o remark the different figure made by different per-ns, under the same circumstances of fortune! Two iends of mine, on a journey, had so contrived as to duce their finances to a single sixpence each. The e, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, ve his to a black shoe-boy, who wished his honour thousand blessings; the other, having lodged a rtnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offer-l his to the butler, as an instance of his gratitude, ho with difficulty forbore to curse him to his face.

glass or two of wine extraordinary only raises a letudinarian to that warmth of social affection, hich had naturally been his lot in a better state of ealth. Deference is the most complicate, e most indirect, and the most elegant of all com-

pliments. Be cautious not to consider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence. A proper assurance, and competent fortune, are essential to liberty. Taste is pursued at a less expense than fashion. Our time in town seems short to pass, and long to reflect on; in the country, the reverse. Deference, before company is the genteelest kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross—the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable. When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes his humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please: but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay. Tho' punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendship of some persons that regard them.—Indeed it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio; and it seems, in some measure, a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never caused half the quarrels, that have risen from the freedom of behaviour, which is its opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous: but as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom might demand the privilege of breaking your head. There seem nearly as many people that want passion

s want reason. The world would be more appy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse f friendship. But money engrosses all our defer- nce; and we scarcely enjoy a social hour, because e think it unjustly stolen from the main business of ur lives. The state of man is not unlike that f a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a ttle line. We flounce, and sport, and vary our sit- ation: but when we would extend our schemes, we iscover our confinement, checked and limited by a perior hand, who drags us from our element when- ever he pleases. The vulgar trace your aults; those you have in common with themselves: ut they have no idea of your excellencies, to which ey have no pretensions. A person is some- ing taller by holding up his head. A man f sense can be adequately esteemed by none other an a man of sense: a fool by none but a fool. We ught to act on this principle. How melan- oly is it to travel, late and fatigued, on any am- itious project on a winter's night; and observe the ghts of cottages, where all the unambitious people e warm and happy, or at rest in their beds. "Some them," says W——, "as wretched as princes, for ught we know to the contrary!" It is gener- ly a principle of indolence that makes one so dis- sted with an artful character. We hate the con- nement of standing centinels, in our own defence. o behave with complaisance, where one foresees one ust needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit. me persons may with justice boast, that they knew much as others when they were but ten years old: d that their present knowledge comprehends after e manner that a larger trunk contains the smaller

ones it incloses. It is possible to discover i same faces the features nature intended, had she n been somehow thwarted in her operations. Is it n easy to remark the same distortion in some minds There is a phrase pretty frequent amongst the vu gar, and which they apply to absolute fools—Th they have had a rock too much in their cradles.—Wit me, it is a most expressive idiom to describe a disl cated understanding: an understanding, for instanc which, like a watch, discovers a multitude of suc parts, as appear obviously intended to belong to system of the greatest perfection; yet which, b some unlucky jumble, falls infinitely short of it.

Is it not the wound our pride sustains by being d ceived, that makes us more averse to hypocrites, tha to the most audacious and barefaced villain? Y it seems as much a piece of justice to commend man for talking more honestly than he acts, as it to blame a man for acting more dishonestly than h talks. The sum of the whole, however, is, that th one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the oth by his impudence. A fool can neither ea nor drink, nor stand, nor walk; nor, in short, laug nor cry, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. Ho obvious the distinction! Independency ma be found in comparative, as well as absolute, abun ance: I mean where a person contracts his desir within the limits of his fortune. There a very few persons who do not lose something of the esteem for you, on your approach to familiarity.

The silly excuse that is often drawn from want time to correspond, becomes no one besides a cobl with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatc ing end. One, perhaps, ought to make fune

als as sumptuous as possible, or as private: either y obscurity to elude, or by splendor to employ, the ttention, that it may not be engaged by the most ocking circumstance of our humanity.

happens, a little unluckily, that the persons who ve the most intimate contempt of money are the me that have the strongest appetites for the pleas- es it procures. We are apt to look for those rtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rely to be found any where, except in the pream- es to their patents. Some shining exceptions may e made to this rule: in general we may consider eir appearance with us in public, as one does our earing apparel. 'Which lord do you wear to-day? Why I did think to wear my lord **** ; but, as there ill be but little company in the Mall, I will e'en ntent myself to wear the same noble peer I wore esterday.' The worst inconvenience of a all fortune is that it will not admit of inadverten- y. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at e head of most men's yearly accounts, and a sum s regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some an see objects at a greater distance more distinctly, the same time less distinctly than others the ob- cts that are near them. Notwithstanding e airs men give themselves, I believe no one sees mily to more advantage, than the persons that have o share in it. How important is the eye to e appearance of a human face! the chief index of mper, understanding, health, and love? What odigious influence must the same misfortunes have n some persons beyond others! as the loss of an eye a mere insolent beauty, without the least philoso-

phy to support herself? The person least r
served in his censure of another's excess in equipag
is commonly the person who would exhibit the sa
if it had been within his power; the source of bo
being a disregard to decorum. Likewise he th
violently arraigns, or fondly indulges it, agree
considering it a little too seriously. Amid t
most mercenary ages, it is but a secondary sort
admiration that is bestowed on magnificence.
An order of beauties, as of knights, with a style appr
priated to them (as for instance, To the Right Bea
tiful Lady Such-a-one) would have as good a found
tion as any other class, but would, at the same tim
be the most invidious of any order that was ever i
stituted. The first maxim a child is taugh
is that

"Learning is better than house and land;"

but how little is its influence as he grows up to matu
ity! There is somewhat very astonishing
the record of our most celebrated victories: I mea
the small number of the conquerors killed in proporti
to the conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were t
thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy
accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that o
is apt to disbelieve the historian.—All the explan
tion one can find is, that the gross slaughter is mad
when one side takes to flight. A person th
is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferio
should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to who
he may be equally communicative. It is im
possible for a man of sense to guard against the mo
tification that may be given him by fools, or heter
clite characters; because he cannot foresee them.
wit-would cannot afford to discard a frivolous co

ceit, tho' it tend to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder on such hints as must discompose you.

A man that is solicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician.

Ghosts have no more connection with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather increase the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide. Indeed, second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

"Set a beggar upon horse-back, and he'll ride," is a common proverb and a real truth. The "novus homo" is an "inexpertus homo," and consequently must purchase finery, before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date.

The heralds are at length discovered to have no lega authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve th distinction, and is poor. France (by their disput about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvia pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or i sure to purchase distinction, let the king at arms, o the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honour should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to th members of trade in a trading nation: and as th nobility find it very expedient to partake of thei profits, so they, in return, should obtain a shar in the others' honours. One would, however, wis the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to digni ty, as that of riches.

OF BOOKS AND WRITERS.

It is often asserted, by pretenders to singular pen etration, that the assistance fancy is supposed t draw from wine is merely imaginary and chimerical that all which the poets have urged on this head, i absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no founda tion in truth or nature. I am inclined to think other wise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefi from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phleg matic constitution have those excellencies often sup pressed, of which their imagination is truly capable by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally re move. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary fo the exertion of fancy. It confutes the "Non es tanti," so frequently a maxim with speculative per

ns. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, hich makes a person wish to shine, or to please. sk what tradition says of Mr. Addison's conversaon? But instances in point of conversation come ithin every one's observance. Why then may it ot be allowed to produce the same effects in writg? The affected phrases I hate most, are ose on which your half-wits found their reputation. uch as "pretty trifler, fair plaintiff, lovely archict," &c. Doctor Young has a surprising nack of bringing thoughts from a distance, from eir lurking places, in a moment's time.

here is nothing so disagreeable in works of humour s an insipid, unsupported, vivacity; the very husks f drollery; bottled small-beer; a man out-riding is horse; lewdness and impotence; a fiery actor in phlegmatic scene; an illiterate and stupid preacher iscoursing on urim and thummim, and beating the ulpit cushion in such a manner, as tho' he would ake the dust and the truth fly out of it at once.

n editor, or a translator, collects the merits of difrent writers; and, forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal (with very name of note he can possibly recal to mind) re given to some ancient scribbler, in whom affectaion and the love of novelty disposes him to find out eauties. Humour and Vanbrugh against wit nd Congreve. The vacant skull of a pedant enerally furnishes out a throne and temple for vani-

ity. May not the custom of scraping wh we bow, be derived from the ancient custom of thro ing their shoes backwards off their feet?

The preference which some give to Virgil before H mer is often owing to complexion: some are mo formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beau ful. But as for invention and sublimity, the m shining qualities of imagination, there is surely comparison between them. — Yet I enjoy Vir more. Agreeable ideas rise, in proportion they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetabl from animals, and from human creatures.

One reason why the sound is sometimes an echo the sense is, that the pleasantest objects have oft the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative cast will read p etry as prose; will only regard the quantum it co tains of solid reasoning: just as a clown attacks dessert, considering it as so much victuals, and gardless of those lively or emblematical decoratio which the cook, for many sleepless nights, has e deavoured to bestow on it. Notwithstandi all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingenious on plays and players, their profession is, like that a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means a pleasure, and whose end is virtue. They both alik for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opi ion: and the dishonour that has attended the la profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry th have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly i serted, have no small beauty on that account, seems absurd to contract, or print them otherwi than at length.

"The loose wall tottering o'er the trembling shade."
Ogilvy's "Day of Judgment."

Trembling" has also the force of a dactyle in a less
gree—but cannot be written otherwise.
ave sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably musi-
, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ig-
rant of the language, by a person of capacity to
e each word its proper accent, he would not fail
distinguish in it all the graces of harmony.
hink, I can observe a peculiar beauty in the ad-
ion of a short syllable, at the end of a blank verse:
nean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poe-
it is as sure to flatten; which may be discerned
Prior's translation of "Callimachus," viz.—"the
y victĭm—Dictæan, hearest thŏu—Birth, great
eă—Inferior reptĭle—" &c. &c. for the translation
ounds with them; and is rendered by these means
saic. The case is only, prose being an im-
ion of common life, the nature of an ode requires
t it should be lifted some degrees higher.
t in dialogue, the language ought never to leave
ture the least out of sight; and especially where
y is to be produced, it appears to receive an ad-
ntage from the melancholy flow this syllable occa-
ns. Let me produce a few instances from Otway's
gedy of the "Unhappy Marriage;" and, in order
form a judgment, let the reader substitute a word
equal import, but of a syllable less, in the place of
instances I produce (some instances are number-
s, where they familiarize and give an ease to dia-
gue).

— *"Sure my ill fate's upon mĕ."*

"Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,
with my poor parents, and at rest as they ăre?"

—"*I never see you now—you have been kinder.*"

—"*Why was I made with all my sex's softness,*
yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio—tax him with his falsehood."

———"*Should you charge rough,*
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing."

—"*When thou art from me, every place is desert.*"

———"*Surely Paradise is round me,*
and every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows."

—"*Till good men wish him dead—or I offend him.*"

—"*And hang upon you like a drowning creature.*"

—"*Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness.*"

—"*Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.*"

———"*I've drank an healing draught*
for all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee."

—"*When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotten,*
may you be happy in a fairer bride,
but none can ever love you like Monimia."

I should imagine, that, in some or most of these ex
amples, a particular degree of tenderness is owing t
the supernumerary syllable; yet it requires a nice ea
for the disposition of it (for it must not be universal)
and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow
a natural ease, an energy, tenderness, and variety t
the language. A man of dry sound judgmen
attends to the truth of the proposition;—a man o
ear and sensibility to the music of the versification
—a man of a well regulated taste finds the former mor

eply imprinted on him, by the judicious manage-
ent of the latter. It seems to me, that what
e called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as
renthesis in writing) might be generally avoided,
thout injuring the thread of a discourse. It is
e, it might require some address to interweave
em gracefully into the text; but how much more
reeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the
ader by such frequent avocations? How much
re graceful to play a tune upon one set of keys,
th varied stops, than to seek the same variety by
awkward motion from one set to another?
bears a little hard on our candour, that "to take
pieces," in our language, signifies the same as "to
pose;" and "to expose" has a signification, which
od-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of
mology. The ordinary letters from friend
friend seem capable of receiving a better turn,
an mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or pro-
sions of friendship continually repeated. The
tablished maxim, to correspond with ease, has al-
st excluded every useful subject. But may not
cess of negligence discover affectation, as well as
opposite extreme? There are many degrees of
termediate solidity betwixt a Westphalia ham and
hipt syllabub. I am astonished to remark
e defect of ear, which some tolerably harmonious
ets discover in their Alexandrines. It seems won-
rful that an error so obvious, and so very disgust-
to a nice ear, should occur so frequently as the
llowing:

"What seraph e'er could preach
so choice a lecture as his wonderous virtue's lore?"

e pause being after the sixth syllable, it is plain

the whole emphasis of pronunciation is thrown
the particle *as*. It seems most amazing to me, t
this should be so common a blunder. "Si
plex munditiis" has been esteemed universally to
a phrase at once very expressive, and of very diffic
interpretation: at least, not very capable to be
plained without circumlocution. What objecti
can we make to that single word "elegant," whi
excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments,
one side, as much as it does dirt and rusticity on t
other? The French use the word "naïve"
such a sense as to be explained by no English wor
unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the a
plication of the word "sentimental." It means t
language of passion or the heart, in opposition to t
language of reflection and the head. T
most frequent mistake that is made, seems to be th
of the means for the end: thus riches for happine
and thus learning for sense. The former of these
hourly observable: and as to the latter, methink
this age affords frequent and surprising instances.
It is with real concern, that I observe many perso
of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench the
native fire, that they may exhibit learning without
single spark of it. Nor is it uncommon to see an a
thor translate a book, when, with half the pains,
could write a better: but the translation savours mo
of learning; and gives room for notes, which exhi
more. Learning, like money, may be of
base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if ste
ling, may require good management, to make it ser
the purposes of sense or happiness. When
nobleman has once conferred any great favour o
his inferior, he ought thenceforth to consider, th

requests, his advice, and even his intimations, be-
me commands; and to propose matters with the
most tenderness. The person whom he obliges has
herwise lost his freedom:

> "Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno:
> nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium; nec
> otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto."

e amiable and the severe, Mr. Burke's sublime
d beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in
ry character. Accordingly, as either is predomi-
nt, men imprint the passions of love or fear. The
st punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar
d lemon.

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

There are many persons acquire to themselves, a
aracter of insincerity, from what is, in truth, mere
constancy. And there are persons of warm, but
angeable, passions; perhaps the sincerest of any
the very instant they make profession, but the very
st to be depended on through the short duration
all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this ac-
unt, to ascertain the character of Lady Lux-
rough;* yet whatever were her principles, I es-
em Lord Bolingbroke's to have been the same. She
emed in all respects the female Lord Bolingbroke.
The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt
nesty and honour, seems to lie in their different
otives: the object of the latter being reputation;
d of the former, duty. It is the greatest

* Sister to Lord Bolingbroke: with her the author had enjoyed a liter-
correspondence.

comfort to the poor, whose ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich must d as well as themselves. The common people call wit, mirth, and fancy, folly; fanciful and foolful, they use indiscriminately. It seems to flow from hence, that they consider money as of more importance, than the persons who possess it; and that conduct is wise, beside what has a tendency to enrich us. One should not destroy an insect one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality. The trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger. The fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinery is infinite. In many companies then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get on the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery. When a wife or mistress lives as in jail, the person that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life. Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was, at the same time, delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments were the same. Mr. W——, in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr. G—— rather more delicate than masculine. Mr. J—— rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c. &c. Riches deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; tho' the practice is otherwise. To consume one's time and

fortune at once, without pleasure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment. Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a symptom less expressive of future judgment and solidity. It seems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure; but does allow itself time to be successful in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without resting upon any a sufficient time to gather honey. The Queen of Sweden declared, "She did not love men as men; but merely because they were not women." What a spirited piece of satire! In mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's self in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat serves to pass away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour. The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it. He that lies a-bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind. Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration. The regard, men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes

rewarded—in the manner it deserves. Methinks, all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of a ruby.

Mankind suffer more by the conflict of contrary passions, than that of passion and reason: yet, perhaps, the truest way to quench one passion is to kindle up another. Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, of an animal that may convey him with ease, credit, and safety, the little journeys he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may, with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy. Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate. The philosophers and ancient sages, who declaimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem, in an equal degree, to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain

an he that wears an useful one. The person
o has a superiority in wit is enabled, by the means of
to see his superiority: hence a deference expect-
, and offence taken on the failure. Add to this,
at wit, considered as fancy, renders all the passions
ore sensible; the love of fame more remarkably so;
d you have some sort of reason for the revenge
ken by wits on those who neglect them.
the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us
take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance,
is needless, and, perhaps impertinent.
hen I have purchased aught by way of mere amuse-
ent, your reflection on the cost not only intimates
e bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends
make it so. 'Had I the money those paint-
gs cost,' says Torper, 'methinks I would have dis-
vered some better method of disposing of it.' 'And
what would you have expended it?' 'I would
y some fine horses.' 'But you have already what
swer your purpose!' 'Yes, but I have a particu-
fancy for a fine horse.' 'And have not I, who
ught these pictures the same argument on my side?'
he truth is, he who extols his own amusements,
d condemns another person's, unless he do it as
ey bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times
d himself at a loss for an argument. Peo-
e of real genius have strong passions; people of
ong passions have great partialities; such as Mr.
ope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Persons of slow
rts have languid passions, and persons of languid
ssions have little partiality. They neither love,
r hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy of a
an of sense. The faults of the former should be
lanced with their excellencies: and the blameless-

ness of the latter should be weighed with their insignificancy. Happiness and virtue are, perhaps, generally dispensed with more equality than we are aware. Extremely volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requisite to any strong sensation, either of pleasure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide some time upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere sal volatile, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described is often the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities. There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank, than those who have no rank at all. Observe the humours of a country christening, and you will find no court in Christendom so ceremonious as the quality of Brentford. Critics will sometimes prefer the faulty state of a composition to the improved one, through mere perverseness: in like manner, some will extol a person's past conduct, to depreciate his present. These are some of the numerous shifts and machinations of envy. Trees afford us the advantage of shade in summer as well as fuel in winter; as the same virtue allays the fervour of intemperate passions in our youth, also serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age. The term indecision in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of irresolution: yet it has a tendency to produce, and, like that, has often its original in excessive delicacy and refinement. Persons of proud

bject spirits will despise you for those distresses, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour o befriend you; a hint, to whom only you should isclose, and from whom you should conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from persons of an opposite party.

The sacrificing of our anger to our interest is oftentimes no more, than the exchange of a painful passion for a pleasurable one. There are not five n five hundred that pity, but, at the same time, also despise; a reason that you should be cautious to whom and where you complain. The farthest a prudent man should proceed in general, is to laugh t some of his own foibles: when this may be a mean f removing envy from the more important parts of is character. Effeminacy of appearance, nd an excessive attention to the minuter parts of ress, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, eemed a symptom of irresolution. But, yet, instances are seen to abound in the French nation to he contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an instance equal to a thousand. A snuffox hinge, rendered invisible, was an object on which his happiness appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a speck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his stocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was shewn beyond all contradiction. What shall we say then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the noblest and sublimest images, and of a mind remarkably well stored with the more masculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we must remain in suspence.—For tho' taste does not imply manners, so neither does it preclude them: or what

hinders, that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dress? If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue. A person that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions, or the slow.—The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual; and supposing a person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable for the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive to impress a dread on our enemies of injuring us for the future: and tho' the world be more inclined to favour the rash than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more dismal consequences. — The reason of this partiality may be deduced from the same original, as the preference that is given to down-right impudence before hyprocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of it ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence or undisguised impudence. King James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it presumption for a subject to say,

"what a king might do in the fullness of his power." —This was absurd; but it seems presumption in a man of the world, to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness. W—— used to say, it was presumption for him to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in some measure dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the grave solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, tho' they add to the force of terror diminish that of simple grief.

There are some people whom you cannot regard, tho' they seem desirous to oblige you; nay, even tho' they do you actual services. This is the case wherever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and sciences. A person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness can never be truly pleased with another of no feelings; who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he had beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would

inculcate is, with tempers thus different one shoul never attempt any close connection:

> "Lupis & agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
> tecum mihi discordia est."

Yet it may be a point of prudence to shew them civ ility, and allow a toleration to their various proper sities. To converse much with them would not onl be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition and to aim at obtaining their applause, would onl make your character inconsistent. There ar some people who find a gloomy kind of pleasure i glouting, which could hardly be encreased by th satisfaction of having their wishes granted. This is seemingly, a bad character, and yet often connecte with a sense of honour, of conscious merit, with warm gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuabl qualities. There is a degree of understandin in women, with which one not only ought to be con tented, but absolutely pleased.—One would not, i them, require the unfathomable abyss. Th worst consequence of gratifying our passions, in re gard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that i causes them to proceed with greater violence toward other and other objects; and so ad infinitum. wish, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to re move the pain of wishing, and partake the pleasur of enjoyment. I would part with the purchase money, for which I have less regard; but the gratifi cation of this wish would generate fifty others tha would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore advises to resist the first. Virtue and agree ableness are, I fear, too often separated; that is, ex ternals affect and captivate the fancy, where interna worth is wanting, to engage and attach one's reason

A most perplexing circumstance; and no where re remarkable, than when we see a wise man to- ly enslaved by the beauty of a person he despises. I know not whether encreasing years do not cause e to esteem fewer people, and to bear with more. Quere, whether friendship for the sex do not tend lessen the sensual appetite; and vice versâ. hink, I never knew an instance of great quickness parts being joined with great solidity. The most pid rivers are seldom or never deep. To at once a rake, and to glory in the character, dis- vers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad ste. There are persons who slide insensibly o a habit of contradiction. Their first endeavour, hearing aught asserted, is to discover wherein it y be plausibly disputed. This, they imagine, es an air of great sagacity; and if they can min- a jest with contradiction, think they display great periority. One should be cautious against the ad- nces of this kind of propensity, which loses us ends, in a matter generally of no consequence. he solicitude of peers to preserve, or to exalt, their nk, is esteemed no other than a manly and becom- ambition. The care of commoners, on the same bject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride. An income for life only seems the best calculated the circumstances and situation of mortal man: e farther property in an estate encreases the diffi- lty of disengaging our affections from this world, d of thinking in the manner we ought to think of ystem from which we must be entirely separated;

"I trust that sinking fund, my life." *Pope.*

rprise quickens enjoyment, and expectation ban es surprise; this is the simple reason, why few

pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object —Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprise, and so flattens pleasure; but makes us hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

ON RELIGION.

Perhaps, we should not pray to God "to keep us stedfast in any faith;" but conditionally, that it be a right one. When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it should lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption. When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments: when to those of our own sect we call them trials: when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things. In regard to church music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone pipe of an organ? In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as

ves a good impression on the mind, favourable to tue and a religious life. The rich man, joining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he etends, to God Almighty, but in truth to his own in-glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, r prayers that will never be said. The poor man eels by his bed-side, and goes to heaven before im. I should think, a clergyman might dis-nguish himself by composing a set of sermons on e ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, in-oducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juve-al, &c. 1. Against family pride, might be ken from Juvenal's "Stemmata quid faciunt," orace's "Non quia Mæcenas," and Marius's speech Sallust. The text, "Is not this Joseph the car-enter's son?" 2. A sermon on the advantages competency, contentment, and rural life, might e abundantly embellished from the classics, and ould be both grateful and serviceable to the com-on people: as the chief passion from which they ffer is envy, I believe, misplaced. 3. An-her might be calculated for each season of the ear; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the enevolence of Providence.—How idle to forego such ir and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening e breach betwixt grace and works, predestination nd election; solving the revelations; or ascertaining e precise nature of Urim and Thummim!

is a common argument amongst divines, in the be-alf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has ch consequences when we come to die. It is, in-eed, true, but seems an argument of a subordinate ind: the article of death is more frequently of short uration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue

makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of dea from our lives antecedently, than that it smooth the pillow of a death-bed? It is a questi whether the remaining superstitions, among the v gar of the English nation, ought wholly to be remo ed: the notion of a ghost's appearance for the d covery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustic "that what is got over the devil's back will be spe under his belly;" that cards are the devil's books &c. If there be numbers of people that mu der and devour their species; that have contradi tary notions of beauty; that have deemed it me torious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their p rents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their o spring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem be no universal moral sense; and, of consequenc none. It is not now, "We have seen his st in the east," but "We have seen the star upon h breast, and are come to worship him." It is sai and I believe justly enough, that crimes appear le heinous to a person that is about committing them than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crim to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, in that he reflects on it? perhaps the one and th other may incline towards an extreme.

The word "religio" amongst the Romans, and th word "church" among the Christians, seem to hav more interpretations than almost any other. "Ma lus procidit, eâ religione moti."—Livy, p. 1150, vo 2. Here religion seems to mean prodigy—"Si qui tale sacrum solenne duceret, ne se sine religione piaculo id omittere posse."—Livy, 1157. Here i seemingly means impiety: "piaculum" being such an offence as required expiatory sacrifices.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

Here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius. The pope's wanton excommunications; his capricious pardon of sins; his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, shew, that (whatever religions may practice cruelty), it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty. The word "church" has these different senses: 1. A set of people ordained to assist at divine service. 2. The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity. 3. A large piece of building dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him. 4. A body of people who too frequently harrass and infest the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! Perhaps, this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than gratitude. In the first place, such is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hostile nations may alike rely on the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a mean of destruction. And lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their desert; and if not individuals,

why must we then suppose it to be the uniform r
compence of society? It is often given as
reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's ju
tice, to punish or reward societies in this world, b
cause, hereafter, they cannot be punished or reward
ed, on account of their desolution. It is, indeed
true, that human vengeance must act frequently
the gross; and whenever a government declares w
against a foreign society, or finds it needful to cha
tise any part of its own, must, of necessity, involv
some innocent individuals with the guilty. But
does not appear so evident, that an omniscient an
omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of all heart
and is able to make a distinction in his punishment
will judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscrim
nate and imperfect laws. Societies, then, a
to be considered as the casual or arbitrary asso
ments of human institution. To suppose that G
Almighty will, by means of punishments, often call
judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to su
pose that he will regulate his government accordi
to the cabals of human wisdom. I mean to be u
derstood here, with regard to what are called jud
ments, or, in other words, præternatural interpo
tions of Providence. In a natural way, the consti
tion of the universe requires, that the good must o
en suffer with the bad part of society. But in rega
to judgments on whole bodies (which we have da
appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a case, whi
may serve to illustrate the improbability.
Societies, I suppose then, are not divine, but huma
bundles. Imagine a man to mix a large qua
tity of sand and gunpowder; then parcel out t
composition into different heaps, and apply fire

hem separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would ke no notice of the bundles; would by no means onsume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but ould affect that part of every portion that was com-ustible. It may speciously enough be said, hat greater injustice is it to punish a society pro-iscuously than to involve an innocent son in the unishment due to a sinful father? To this I answer, he natural system (which we need not doubt, on the hole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to uffer many times indiscriminately. But they go uch farther.—They say God, as it were, interferes n opposition to the settled course of things, to pun-sh and include societies in one promiscuous ven-eance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punish-ents distinct from those which sin entails on us, he urely would not regulate them by mere human as-ortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals. Neither do I see hy it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. "The oul that sinneth, it shall die." How happy may a lord bishop render a peasant at the hour of death, by bestowing on him his blessing, and giving him assurance of salvation? It is the same with re-gard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and established to their heart's content, because they assent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, should know. A person of distin-guished parts and learning has no such advantages; friendless, wavering, solitary, and through his very situation incapable of much assistance: if the rustic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he also appears to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness—consider the situation & disposition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it. In travelling one contrives to allow day-light for the worst part of the road. But in life, how hard is it, that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey! pain, fatigue, and want of spirits; when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support! of which nothing can supply the place besides religion and philosophy! But then the foundation must be laid in meditation and enquiry! at an unmolested season when our faculties are strong and vigorous; or the tempest will most probably throw down the superstructure. How is a man said to be guilty of incredulity! Are there not sizes of understandings adapted to the different sorts, and, as it were, sizes of narrations? Conscience is adscititious: I mean, influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain test of truth: but, at most times, a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor. The attraction of bodies and social affection of minds seem, in many respects, analogous. Attractions of either kind are less perspicuous, and less perceptible, through a variety of counter-attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Ispahan, tho' quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? would they not pass a cheerful evening together over rice and sherbett?—In like manner, suppose two or three cotemporaries only, to meet on the surface of the globe, amid myriads of persons of all other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a mutual tenderness, even

tho' they had been enemies when living? What then remains, but that we revive the memory of such relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? that we are all countrymen, is a consideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a smaller number also. That we are cotemporaries, and persons whom future history shall unite, who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumstance that tends to heighten our philanthrophy, should be brought to mind as much as possible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be just, and requisite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The best notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body:

"— Deus est quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris."

What is man, while we reflect on a Deity, whose very words are works; and all whose works are wonders! Prayer is not used to inform, for God is omniscient: not to move compassion, for God is without passions: not to shew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts.—May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man tho' he be silent?

To honour God, is to conceive right notions of him, says some ancient that I have forgot. I know not how Mr. Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

———"The Almighty cause
acts not by partial, but by general laws."

What one understands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such eccentric motions as

must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Th
a philosopher is enabled to foretell eclipses with pr
cision; and a stone thrown upward drops uniformly
to the ground. Thus an injury awakes resentment
and a good office endears us to our benefactor. An
it seems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps
to suppose he at first constituted a system, that stood
in no need either of his counteracting or suspending
the first laws of motion. But, after all, th
mind remains; and can we shew it to be either im
possible, or improbable, that God directs the will
Now whether the divine Being occasion ruin to fa
miraculously, or in direct opposition to the ordinary
laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres—or wheth
er he incline Chartres to go near a wall whose centre
of gravity is unsupported, makes no material differ
ence.

ON TASTE.

I believe that, generally speaking, persons eminent
in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest
and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger t
hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success. This
however does not extend to talents beyond the sphere
of taste; and Handel was evidently wrong, when h
fancied himself born to command a troop of horse.
Mankind, in general, may be divided into persons
of understanding and persons of genius; each o
which will admit of many subordinate degrees. By
persons of understanding, I mean persons of sound
judgment; formed for mathematical deductions and
clear argumentation. By persons of genius, I would

haracterize those in whom true and genuine fancy redominates; and this whether assisted or not by ultivation. I have thought that genius and dgment may, in some respects, be represented by liquid and a solid. The former is, generally speakg, remarkable for its sensibility, but then loses its mpression soon: the latter is less susceptible of imression but retains it longer. Dividing the orld into a hundred parts, I am apt to believe the lculation might be thus adjusted:

Pedants - - - - - - -	15
Persons of common sense - - -	40
Wits - - - - - - - -	15
Fools - - - - - - - -	15
Persons of a wild uncultivated taste -	10
Persons of original taste, improved by art	5

here is hardly any thing so uncommon, as a true ative taste improved by education. The obct of taste is corporeal beauty; for tho' there is anifestly a το πρεπον; a "pulchrum," an "honesum," and "decorum," in moral actions; and altho' man of taste that is not virtuous commits a greater olence on his sentiments than any other person; et, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is ot termed a man of taste, merely because he is a an of virtue. All beauty may be divided to absolute and relative, and what is compounded f both. It is not uncommon to hear a modrn Quixote insist on the superiority of his idol or ulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute f adoration, demand that of others in favour of her ccomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense annot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, hich are, in truth, supported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent on the subject. Every thing seems to derive its pretentions to beauty, on account of its colour, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connection of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colours, their present effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours. Resemblances wrought by art; pictures, bustos, statues, please. Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we suppose homogeneous materials; it is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite in point of respiration, would not the present make of mouths have subjected a man to the name of Bocha Chica? It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face, than a courtier. We may see daily the strange effects of habit, in respect of fashion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us! Conceit is false taste; and very widely different from no taste at all. Beauty of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex. The look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, seem, in some measure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of sensibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, another

At least, a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world. I know not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty is not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion, from their own persons, or possessions. A tall person approves the look of a folio or octavo: a square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto. This instance, at least, may serve to explain what I intend. I believe, it sometimes happens that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: for instance, a man may sometimes have a quickness in distinguishing the similitude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them. Taste produces different effects on different complexions. It consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so called, when they are united in equal proportions. Where the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with lower objects, and requires perfection in what he sees. Where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances. The reason people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original, seems no other than that they lay stress on different features in the original; and this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind. People of little or no taste commend a person for its corpulency. I cannot see, why an excrescence of belly, cheek, or chin,

should be deemed more beautiful than a wen upon any other part of the body. Through a connection of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox. There seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the senses. Some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only; others only by degrees, and then long—(Raspberry-jelly—green-tea—Alley-Croaker—Air in Ariadne—a baron's robe—and a bishop's lawn). Perhaps, some of these instances may be ill enough chosen; but the thing is true. Tunes, with words, please more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high; their language does the same. To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I presume the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features is, at the same time, the most healthful one: the fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body. If so, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form.—Health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience: the most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocative to love; or rather the most inconsistent with it. A florid look, to appear beautiful, must be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever. An obvious connection may be traced betwixt moral and physical beauty; the love of symmetry and the love of virtue; an elegant taste and perfect honesty. We may, we must rise from the love of natural to that of moral beauty; such is the conclusion of Plato, and of my Lord Shaftesbury. Wherever there is a want of

taste, we generally observe a love of money, and nning: and whenever taste prevails, a want of pru- nce, and an utter disregard to money.

aste (or a just relish of beauty) seems to distinguish from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or ason. We do not find that brutes have any sensa- on of this sort. A bull is goaded by the love of sex general, without the least appearance of any dis- nction in favour of the more beautiful individual. ccordingly men devoid of taste are in a great meas- e indifferent as to make, complexion, feature; and nd a difference of sex sufficient to excite their pas- on in all its fervor. It is not thus where there is a aste for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The erson of a good taste requires real beauty in the ob- ct of his passion; and the person of bad taste re- uires something which he substitutes in the place of eauty. Persons of taste, it has been asserted, e also the best qualified to distinguish, and the ost prone to admire, moral virtue: nor does it in- alidate this maxim, that their practice does not cor- spond. The power of acting virtuously depends, a great measure, on withstanding a present, and, erhaps, sensual gratification, for the sake of a more istant and intellectual satisfaction. Now, as per- ons of fine taste are men of the strongest sensual ap- etites, it happens that in balancing present and fu- ure, they are apt enough to allow an unreasonable dvantage to the former. On the other hand, a more hlegmatic character may, with no greater self-de- ial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave he merely sensual indulgences; and let us consider he man of taste in regard to points of meum and uum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveness; in re-

gard to charity, compassion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste the glorious triumph which it deserves. There is a kind of counter-taste, founded on surprise and curiosity, which maintains a sort of rivalship with the true; and may be expressed by the name Concetto. Such is the fondness of some persons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco-stopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakespeare's own planting. It gratifies an empty curiosity. Such is the casual resemblance of Apollo and the nine muses in a piece of agate; a dog expressed in feathers, or a woodcock in mohair. They serve to give surprise. But a just fancy will no more esteem a picture because it proves to be produced by shells, than a writer would prefer a pen because a person made it with his toes. In all such cases difficulty should not be allowed to give any casting weight; nor a needle be considered as a painter's instrument, when he is so much better furnished with a pencil.* Perhaps, no print, nor even painting, is capable of producing a figure answerable to the idea which poetry or history has given us of great men: a Cicero, for instance, a Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The same, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of some ancient buildings.—And the reason is, that the effects of a pencil are distinct and limited, whereas the descriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indistinctness of outline is one source of the sublime. What an absurd

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda, in 1548; landed in England 1573; settled at Amsterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers instead of pencils.—The whim took.—His success increased.—His fingers appearing too easy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet. See H. Walpole's "Book of Painters."

y is it, in framing even prints, to suffer a margin of hite paper to appear beyond the ground; destroy- g half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! rames ought to contrast with paintings; or to ap- ar as distinct as possible: for which reason, frames wood inlaid, or otherwise variegated with colours, e less suitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an ppearance of metal, afford the best contrast with olour. The peculiar expression in some por- aits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of e soul in some of the features. There is, rhaps, a sublime, and a beautiful, in the very make a face, exclusive of any particular expression of e soul; or, at least, not expressive of any other an a tame dispassionate one. We see often what e world calls regular features, and a good com- exion almost totally unanimated by any discovery the temper or understanding. Whenever the reg- arity of feature, beauty of complexion, the strong xpression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one ce, the features are irresistible. But even ere it is to be observed, that a sort of sympathy has prodigious bias.—Thus a pensive beauty, with reg- ar features and complexion, will have the prefer- nce with a spectator of the pensive cast: and so of e rest. The soul appears to me to discover erself most in the mouth and eyes; with this differ- nce, that the mouth seems the more expressive of e temper, and the eye of the understanding.

a portrait, supposing it to be as like as can be to e person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beau- ful object than the original face? I should think, perfect face must be much more pleasing than any presentation of it; and a set of ugly features much

more ugly than the most exact resemblance that c
be drawn of them. Painting can do much by mea
of shades; but not equal the force of real relievo
on which account, it may be the advantage of b
features to have their effect diminished; but, surel
never can be the interest of good ones. So
ness of manner seems to be in painting, what smoot
ness of syllables is in language, affecting the sense
sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent pa
sion. The "theory of agreeable sensations
founds them on the greatest activity or exercise
object occasions to the senses, without proceeding
fatigue. Violent contrasts are on the footing
roughness or inequality.—Harmony or similitud
on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoot
ness. In other words, these two recommend ther
selves; the one to our love of action, the other
our love of rest. A medium, therefore, may
most agreeable to the generality. An ha
mony in colours seems as requisite, as a variety
lines seems necessary to the pleasure we expect fro
outward forms. The lines, indeed, should be w
varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing shou
shew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantit
if we would strive to please a well-constituted taste
It is evident enough to me, that persons often occu
who may be said to have an ear to music, and an e
for proportions in visible objects, who nevertheless c
hardly be said to have a relish or taste for either.
mean, that a person may distinguish notes and ton
to a nicety, and yet not give a discerning choice
what is preferable in music. The same in objects
sight. On the other hand, they cannot ha
a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without

wer of discriminating those notes and proportions which harmony and beauty so fully depend.

That is said, in a treatise lately published, for beau-'s being more common than deformity (and seem-gly with excellent reason), may be also said for vir-re's being more common than vice. Quere, hether beauty do not as much require an opposi-on of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

he passion for antiquity, as such, seems, in some easure, opposite to the taste for beauty or perfec-on. It is rather the foible of a lazy and pusillani-ous disposition, looking back and resting with easure on the steps by which we have arrived thus r, than the bold and enterprising spirit of a genius, hose ambition fires him only to reach the goal. ch as is described (on another occasion) in the alous and active charioteer of Horace:

> "—— hunc atque hunc superare laboret.
> Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus; illum
> præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem."

gain, the "Nil actum reputans, si quid restaret endum" is the least applicable, of any character, a mere antiquarian; who, instead of endeavouring improve or to excel, contents himself, perhaps, ith discovering the very name of a first inventor; with tracing back an art, that is flourishing, to the ry first source of its original deformity.

have heard it claimed by adepts in music, that the easure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be com-ared to what they feel themselves from the most erfect composition.—The state of the question may best explained by a recourse to objects that are an-ogous.—Is a country fellow less struck with beauty

than a philosopher or an anatomist, who knows h
that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the ot
hand, an attention to the cause may somewhat int
fere with the attention to the effect.—They may,
deed, feel a pleasure of another sort.—The faculty
reason may obtain some kind of balance, for w
the more sensible faculty of the imagination loses.
I am much inclined to suppose our ideas of bea
depend greatly on habit—what I mean is, on t
familiarity with objects which we happen to have se
since we came into the world.—Our taste for u
formity, from what we have observed in the indiv
ual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beast, a bird,
insect, &c.—our taste for regularity from what
within our power to observe in the several perfectio
of the whole system. A landscape, for
stance, is always irregular, and to use regularity
painting, or gardening, would make our work u
natural and disagreeable. Thus we allow beauty
the different, and almost opposite, proportions of
animals. There is, I think, a beauty in so
forms, independent of any use to which they can
applied. I know not whether this may not be
solved into smoothness of surface; with variety to
certain degree, that is comprehensible without mu
difficulty. As to the dignity of colou
quere, whether those that affect the eye most for
bly, for instance, scarlet, may not claim the fi
place; allowing their beauty to cloy soonest; a
other colours, the next, according to their impuls
allowing them to produce a more durable pleasure
It may be convenient to divide beauty into the abs
lute and the relative. Absolute is that abovementione
Relative is that by which an object pleases, throu

relation it bears to some other. Our taste beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas t have entered the imagination from our birth. is seems to occasion the different opinions that rail concerning it. For instance, a foreign eye ems those features and dresses handsome, which think deformed. Is it not then likely that se who have seen most objects, throughout the verse, "cæteris paribus," will be the most impar- judges: because they will judge truest of the eral proportion that was intended by the Creator; is best? The beauty of most objects is tly of the absolute and partly of the relative kind. Corinthian pillar has some beauty dependent on variety and smoothness: which I would call ab- te; it has also a relative beauty, dependent on taperness and foilage; which, authors say, was copied from the leaves of plants, and the shape tree. Uniformity should, perhaps, be ed as another source of absolute beauty (when it ears in one single object). I do not know any r reason, but that it renders the whole more easi- omprehended. It seems that nature herself con- rs it as beauty, as the external parts of the hu- frame are made uniform to please the sight; ch is rarely the case of the internal, that are not . Hutchinson determines absolute beauty epend on this and on variety; and says it is in a pound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a are; and a square, a figure of unequal sides: but y variety to an extreme, and it loses its effect. instance, multiply the number of angles till the d loses the uniformity of parts, and the figure is pleasing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round,

it may be said to be robbed of its variety.

But, amidst all these eulogiums of variety, it is proper to observe, that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty.—This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavour of some dishes. In short, it requires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another. Variety, in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation (which is the case in foliage, bustos, basso-relievo, painting) requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides; which is at once various and disagreeable.

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